



FEBRUARY

Walt Disney's LUDWIG VON DRAKE

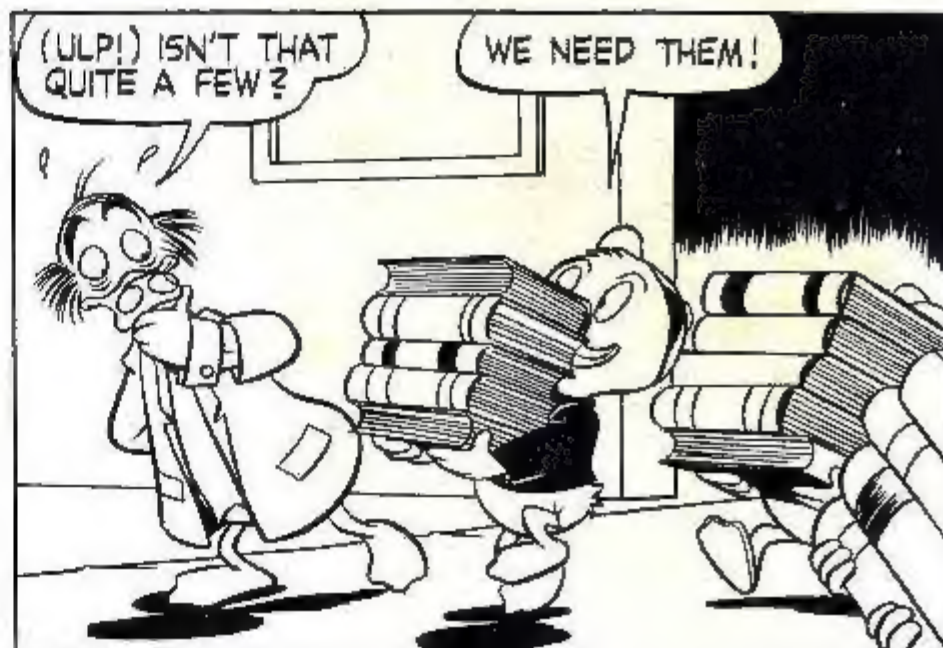
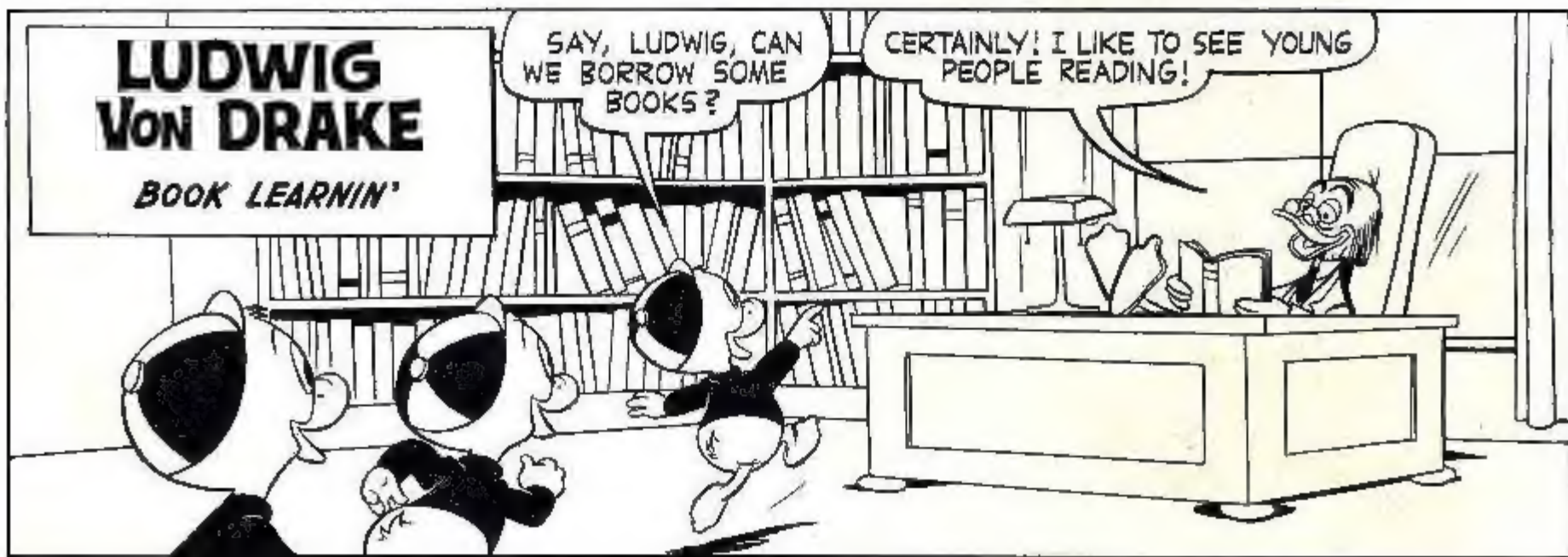


LUDWIG VON DRAKE

BOOK LEARNIN'

SAY, LUDWIG, CAN
WE BORROW SOME
BOOKS?

CERTAINLY! I LIKE TO SEE YOUNG
PEOPLE READING!



(ULP!) ISN'T THAT
QUITE A FEW?

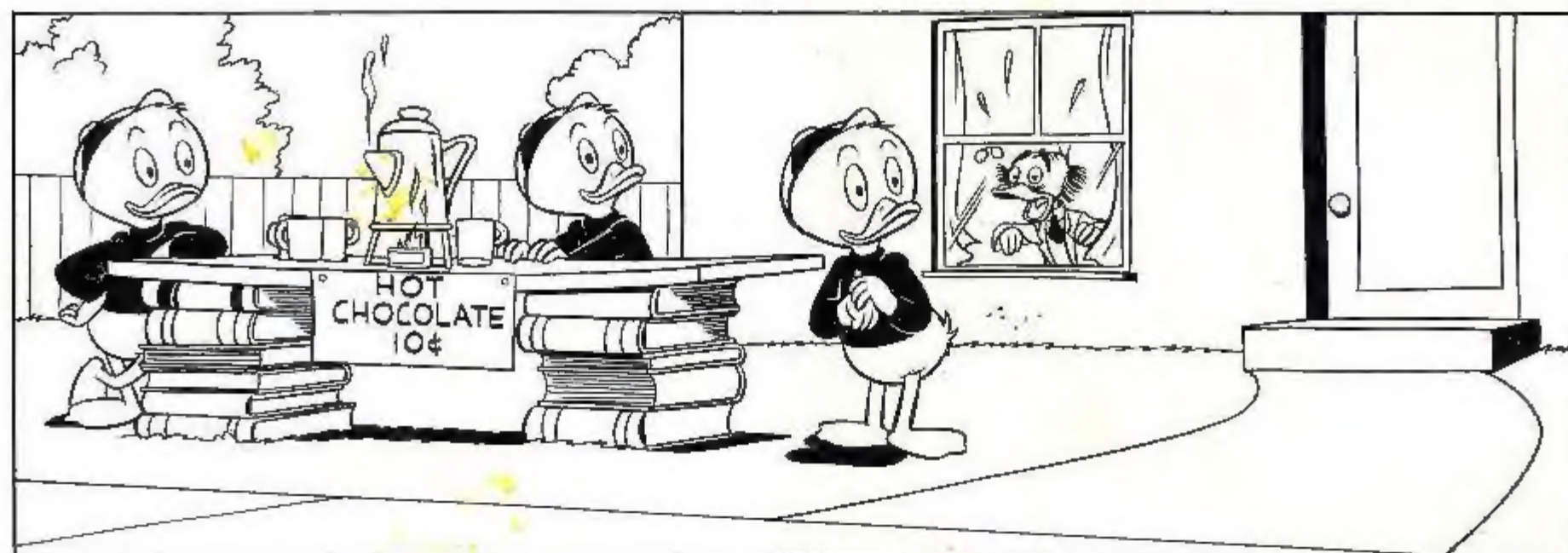
WE NEED THEM!



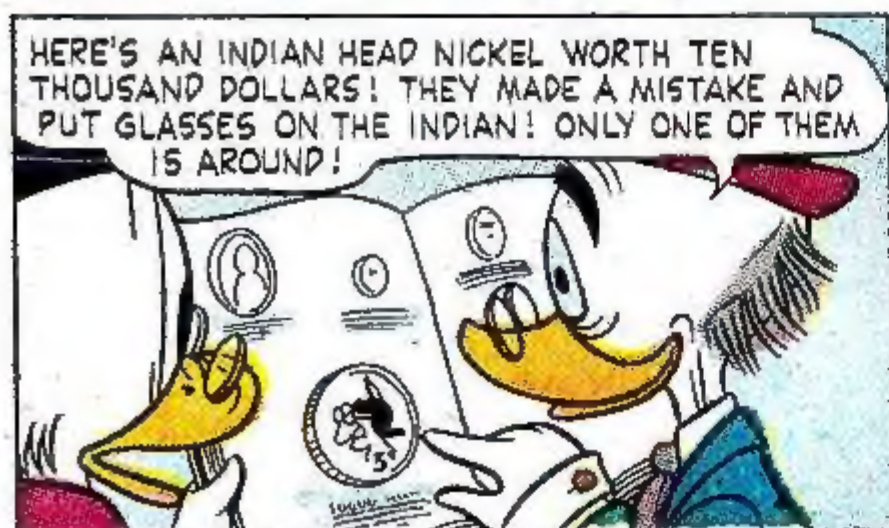
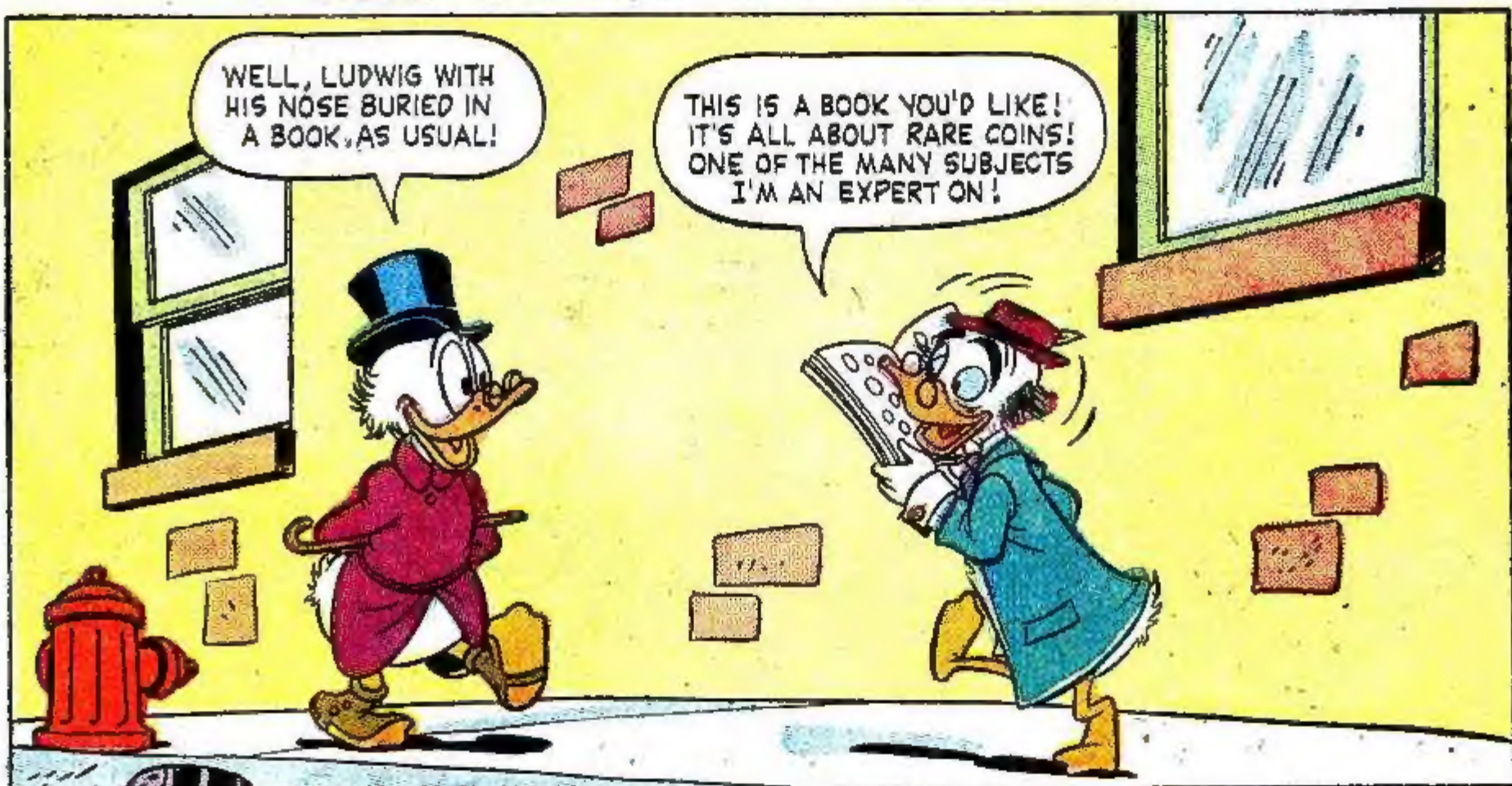
HEH, HEH! A REAL THIRST FOR
KNOWLEDGE!



I'LL BET THEY'RE ON THEIR WAY
HOME NOW TO DO SOME READING!



Walt Disney's LUDWIG VON DRAKE the MEDIUM-RARE COIN



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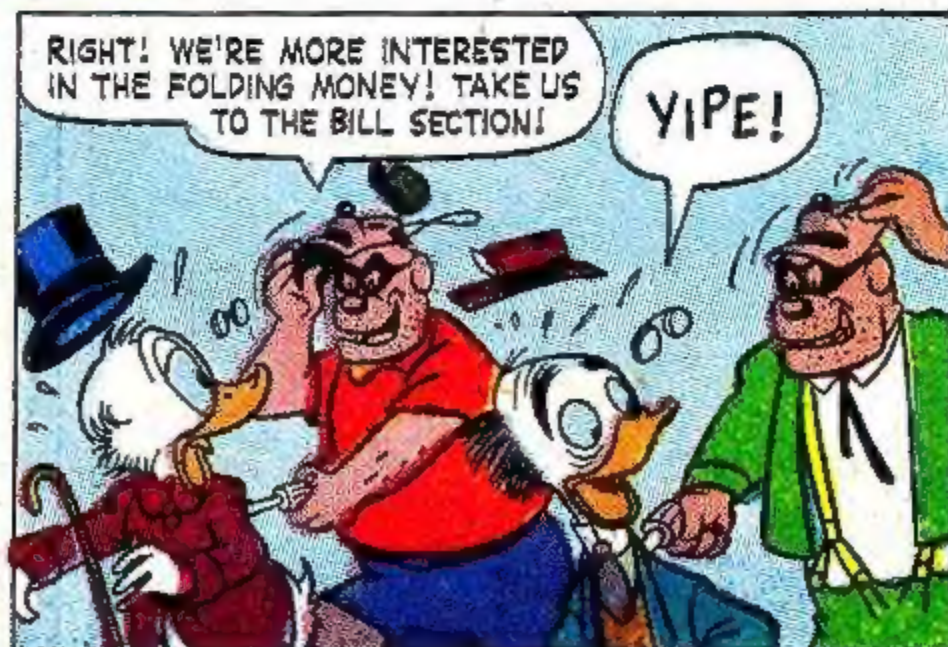
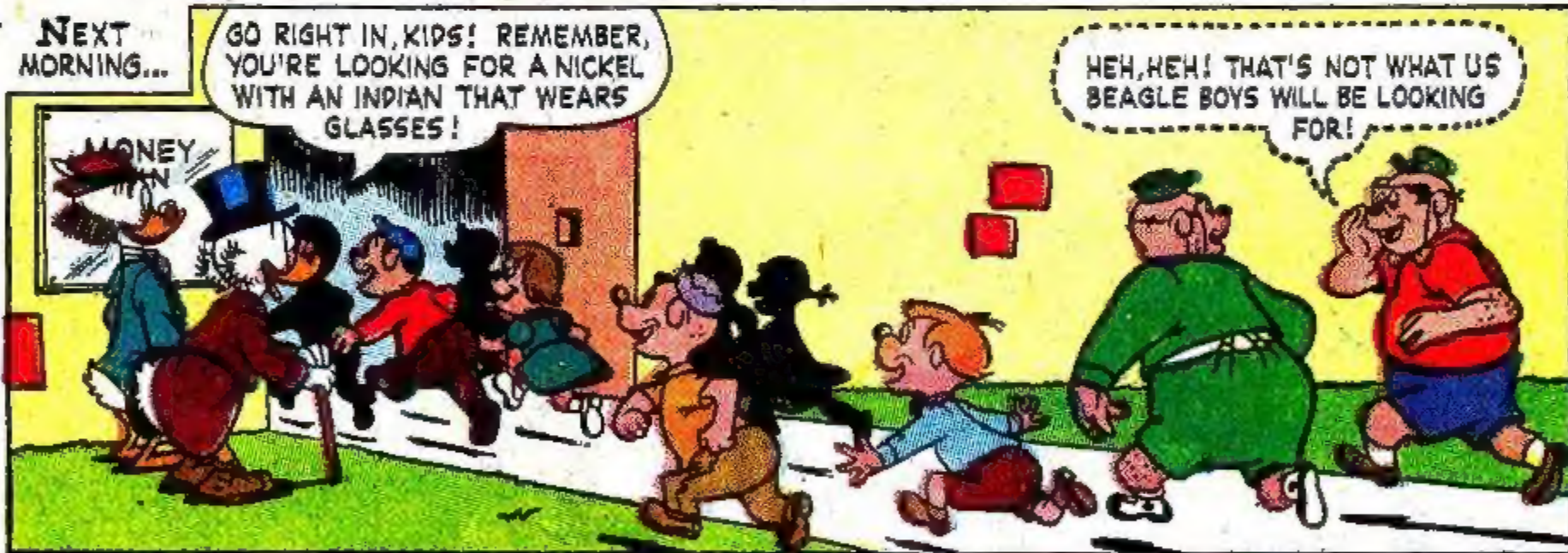
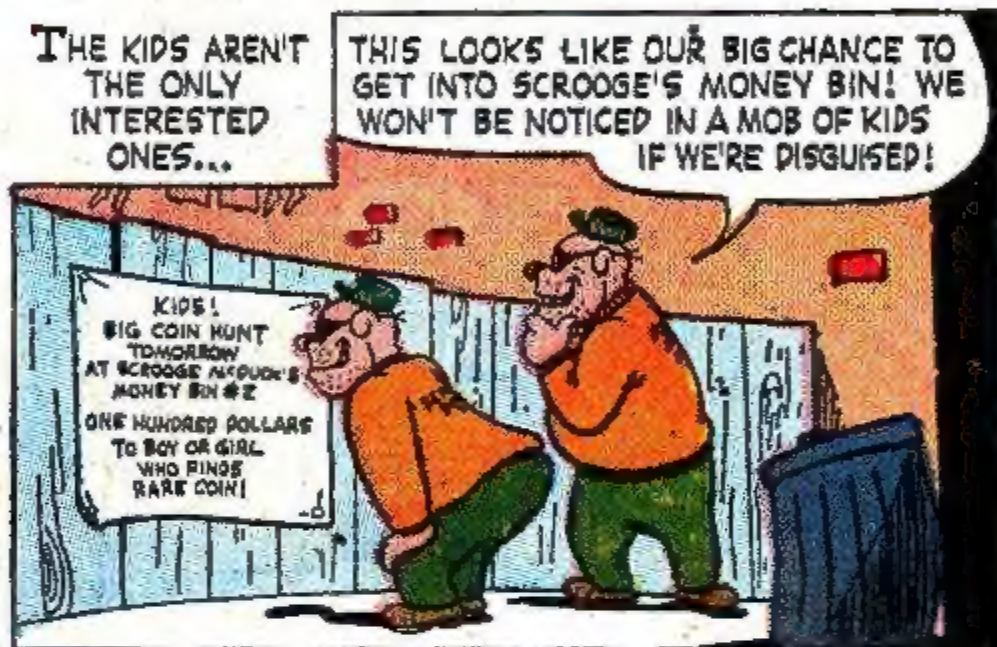
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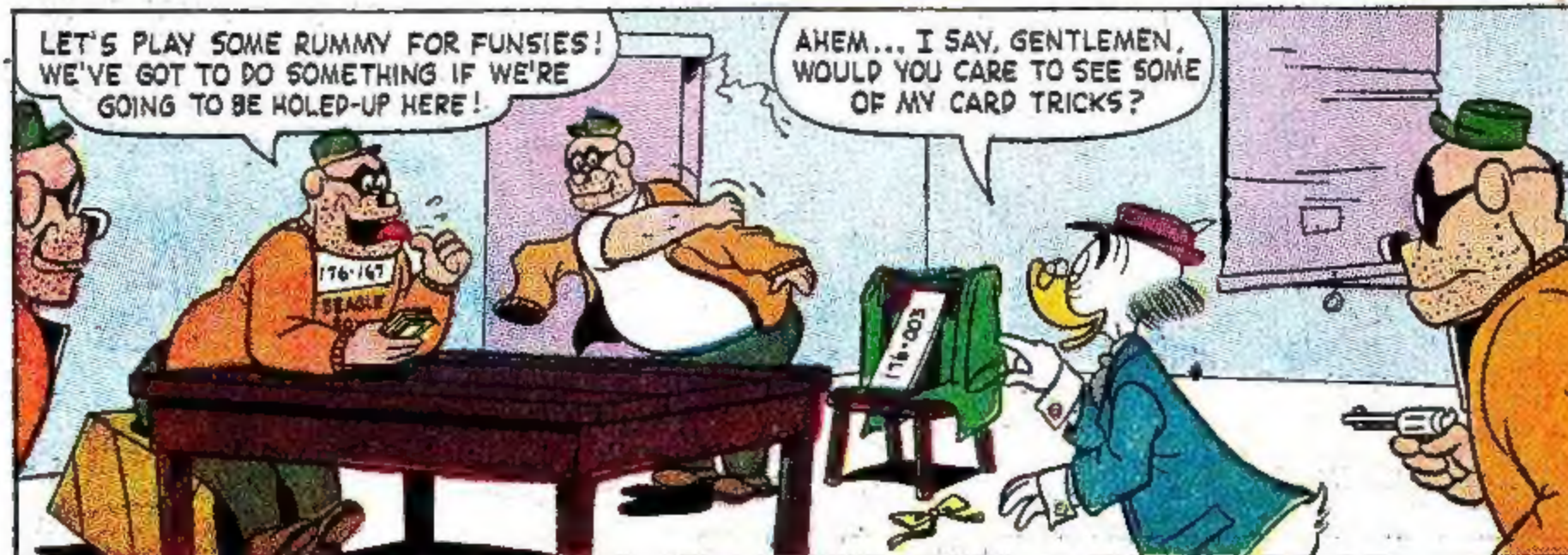
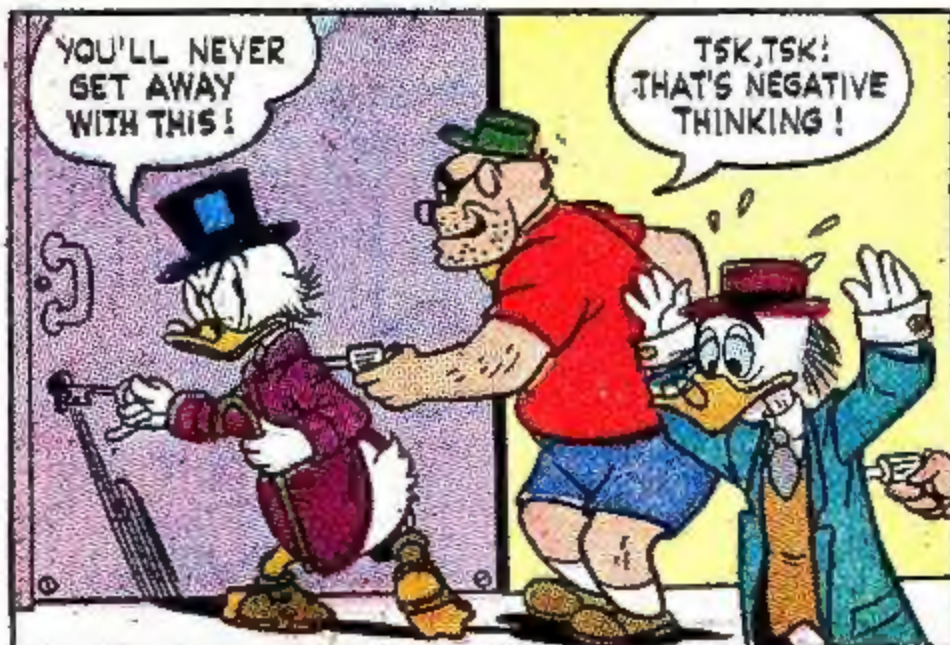
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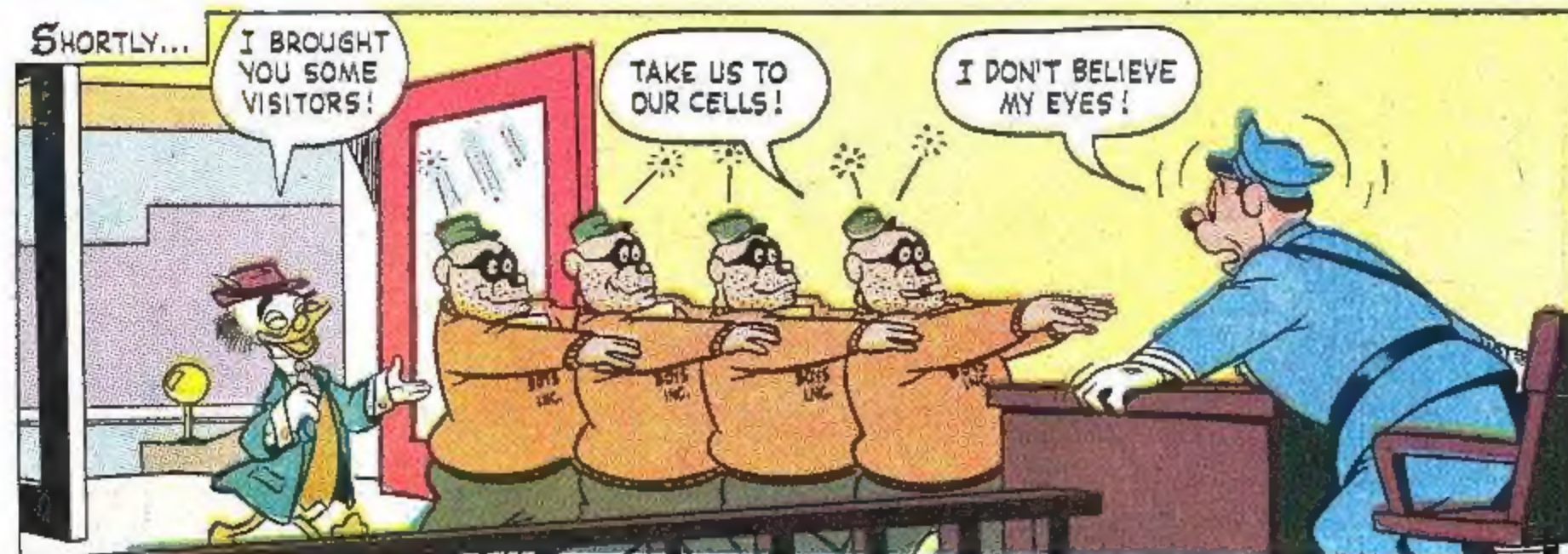
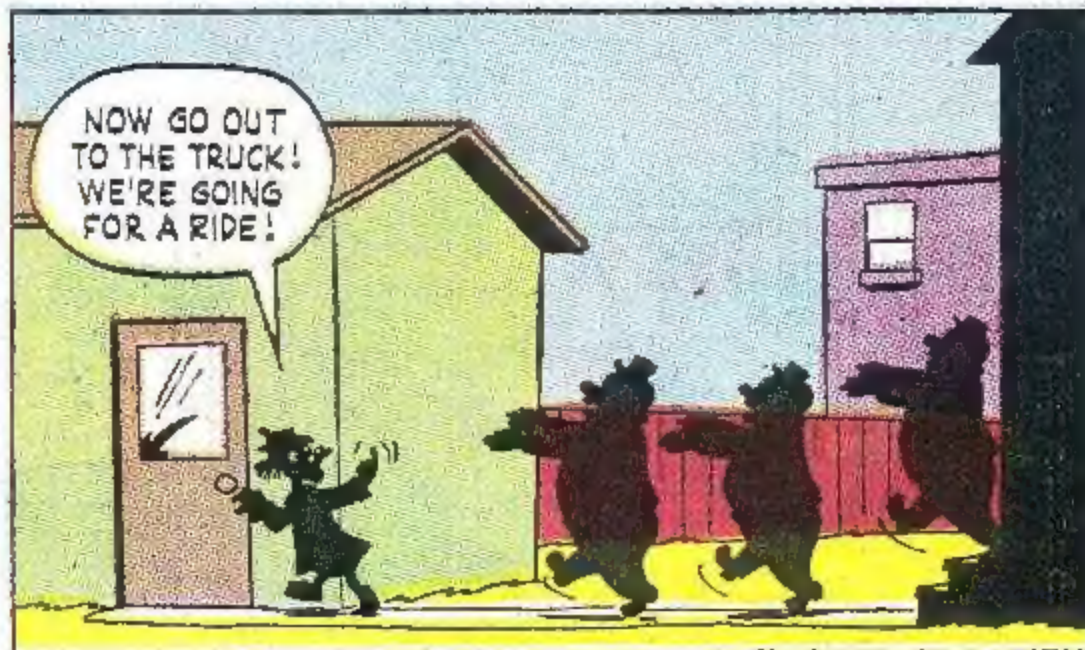
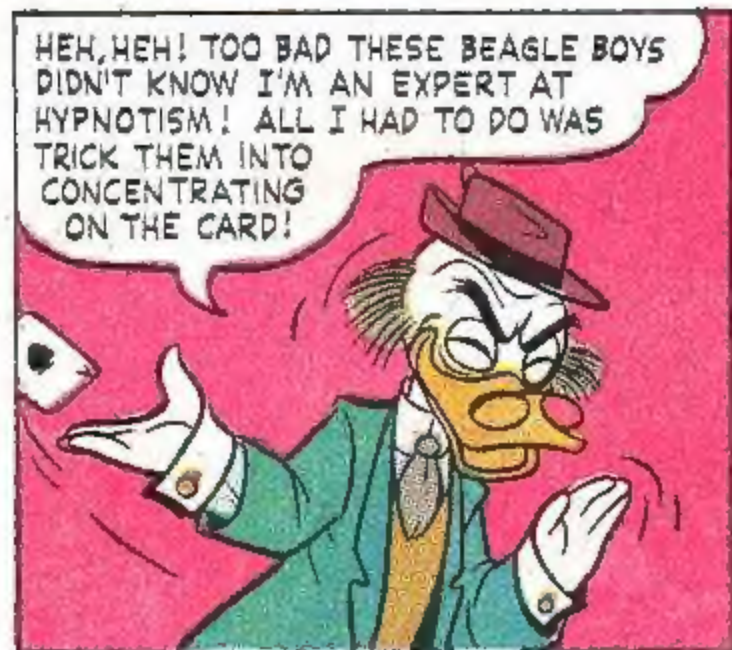
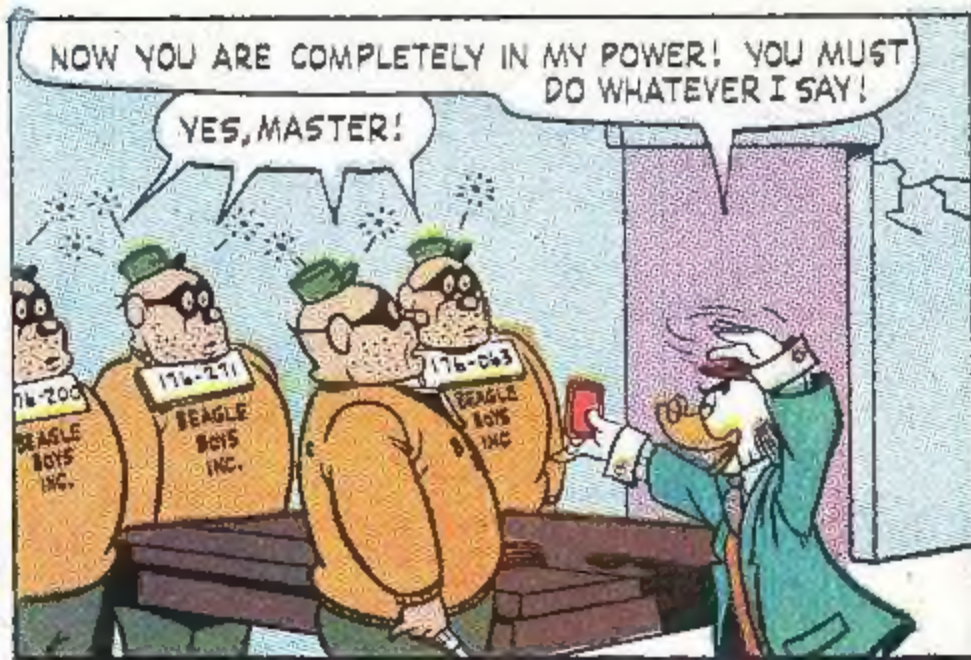
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THAT AFTERNOON...

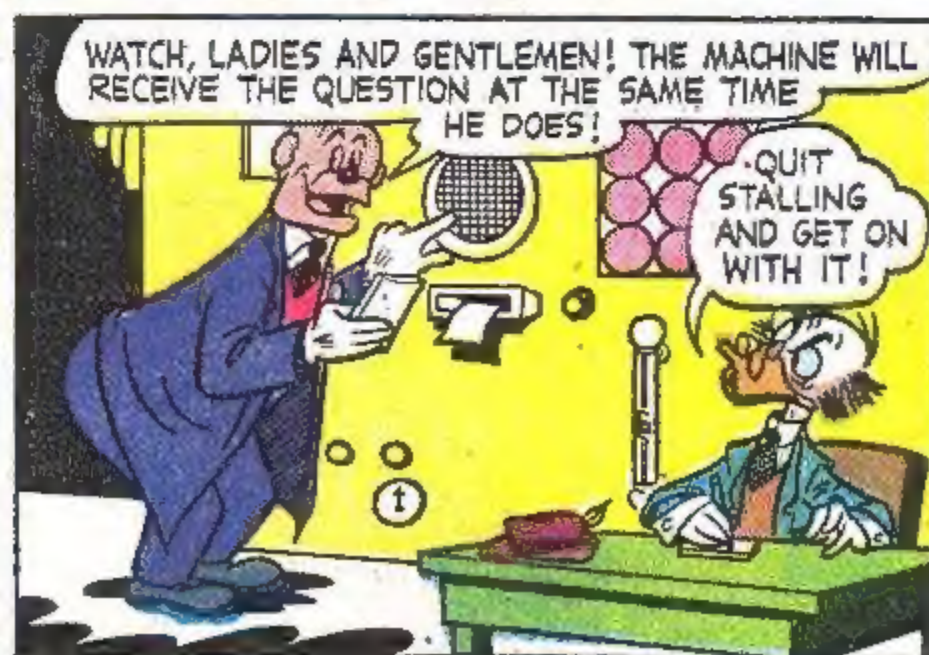
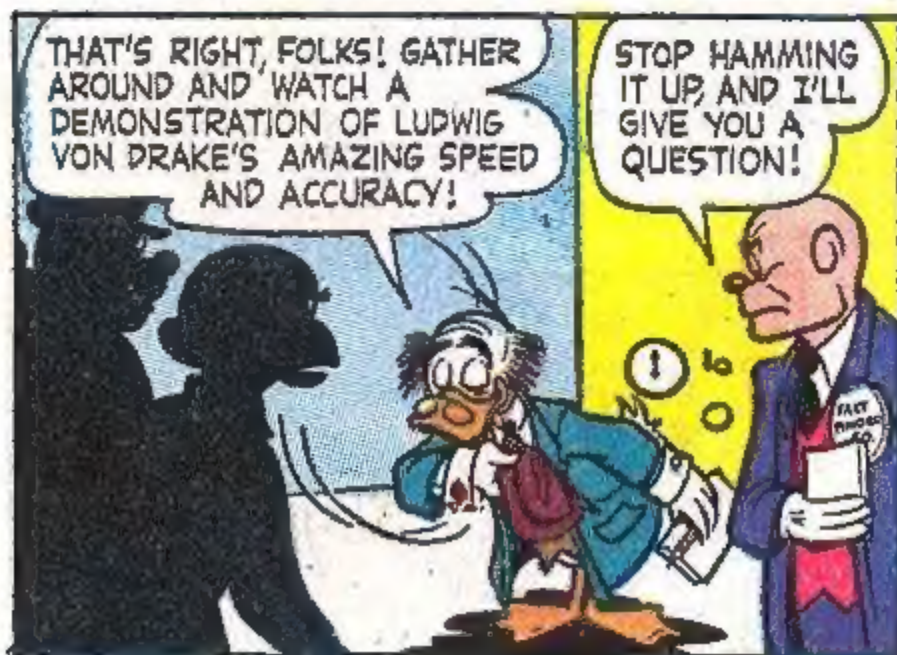
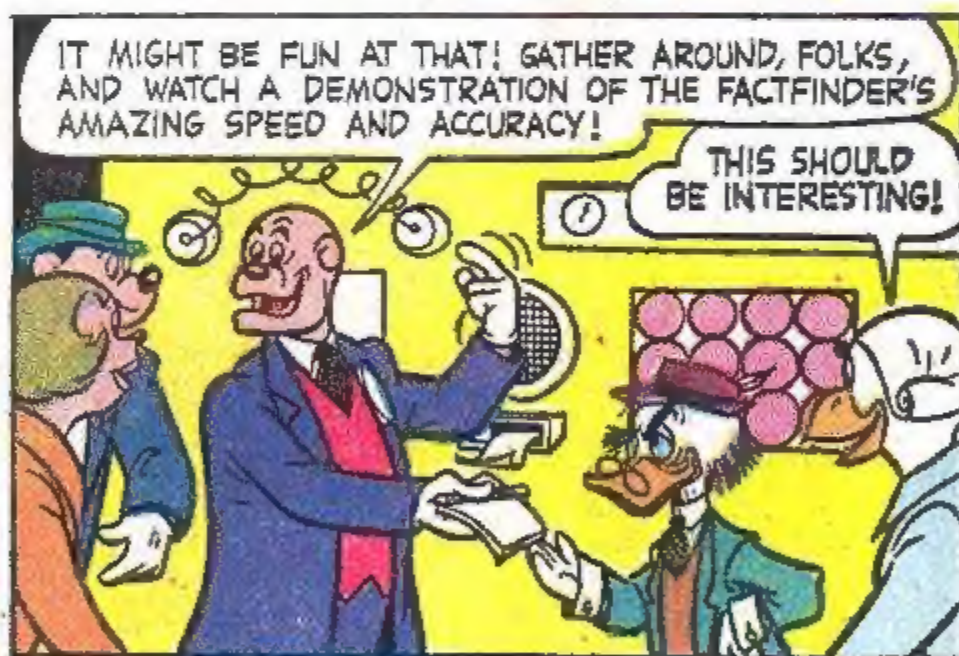
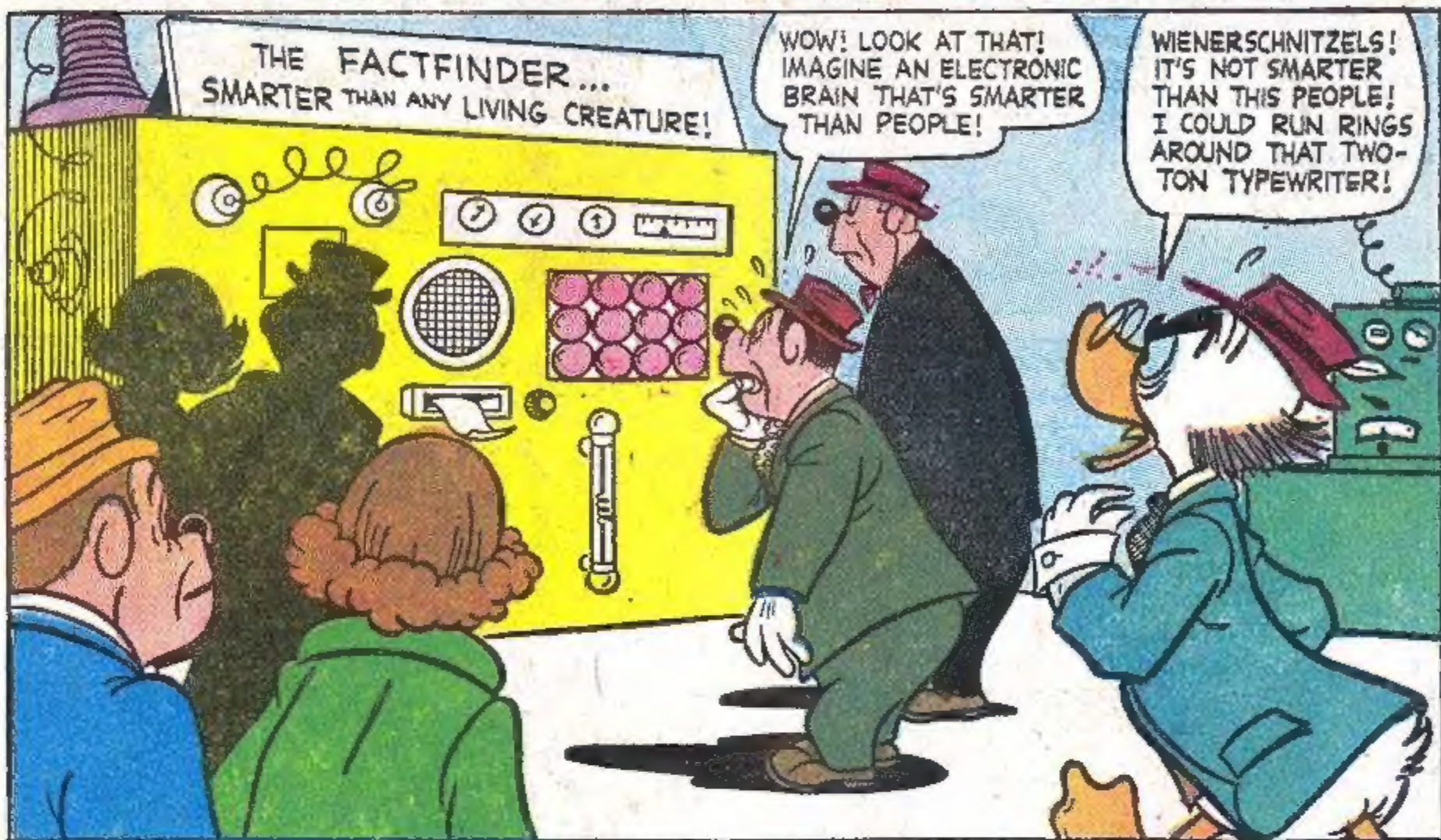


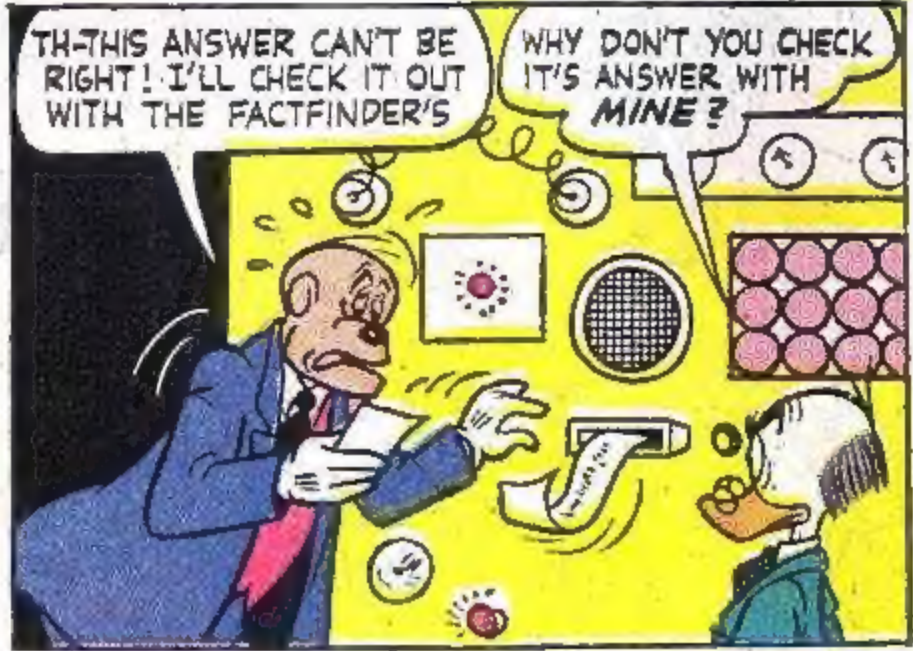
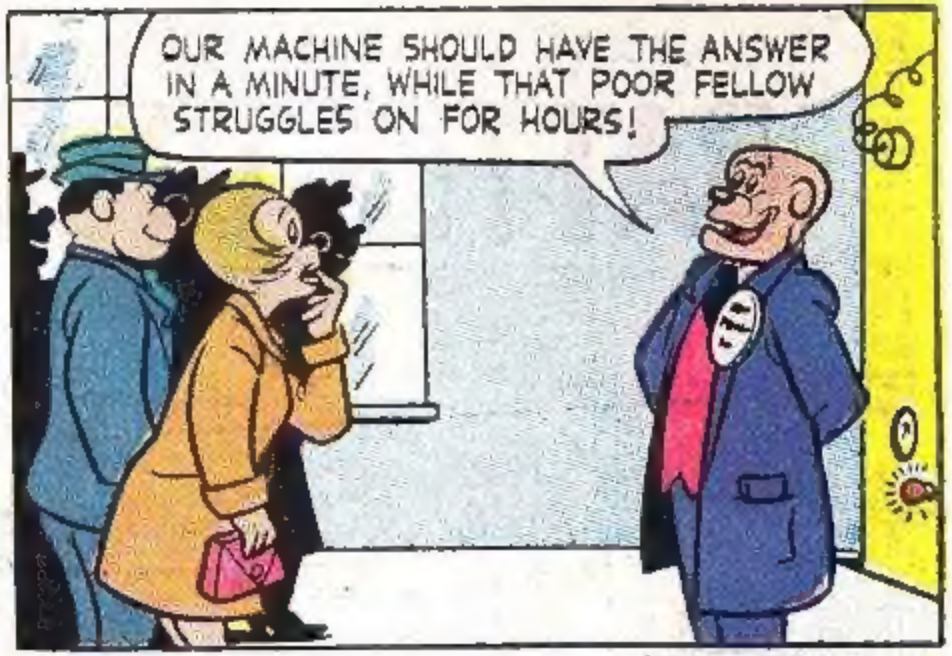
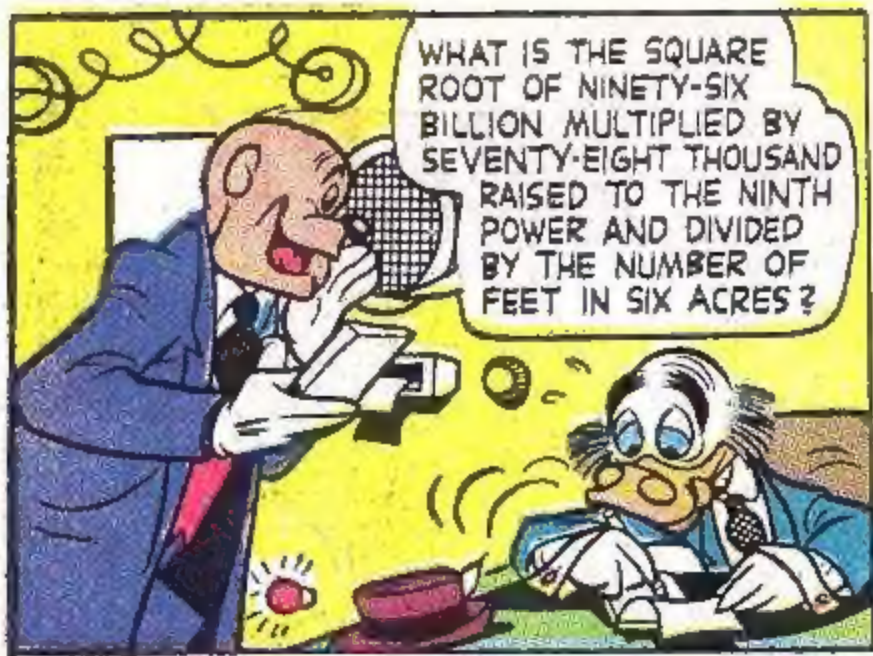






Walt Disney's **LUDWIG VON DRAKE**
BATTLE OF THE BRAINS

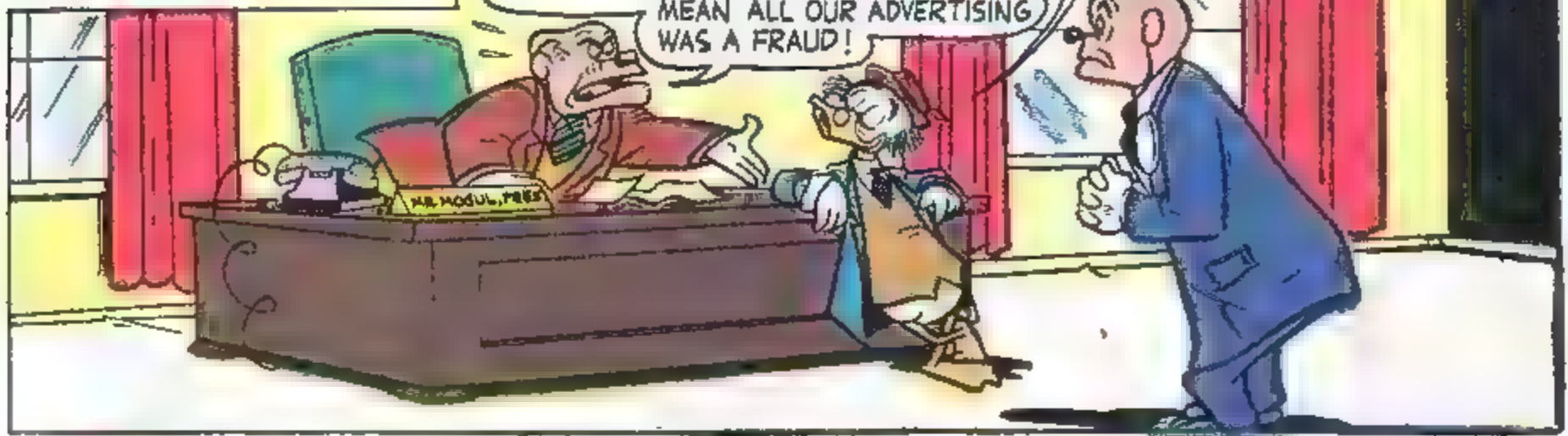




SHORTLY, IN THE OFFICE OF MYRON MOGUL, PRESIDENT OF THE FACTFINDER...

WHAAAT? THIS DROOPY-LOOKING DUCK OUTANSWERED OUR MACHINE? BUT THAT WOULD MEAN ALL OUR ADVERTISING WAS A FRAUD!

I WON'T TELL ANYBODY IF YOU WON'T!



PIPE DOWN! I MUST'VE BEEN SOME KIND OF AN ACCIDENT! FOLLOW ME INTO THE NEXT ROOM!

SURE!



NOW LET'S SEE HOW YOU DO WHEN MY BATTERY OF EXPERTS ASK YOU AND THE FACTFINDER SOME REAL QUESTIONS!



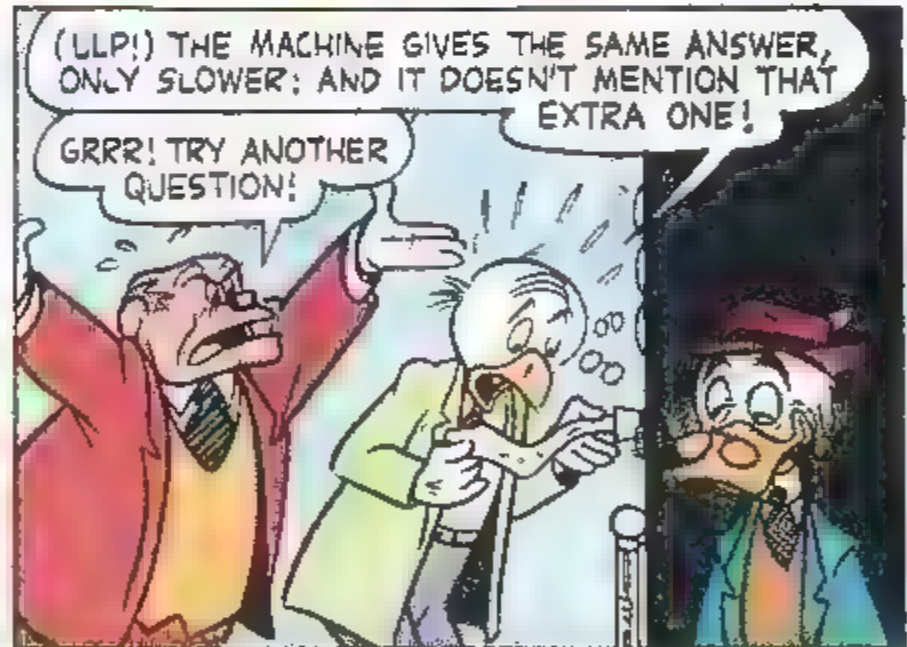
HOW MANY STONES DID IT TAKE TO BUILD THE PYRAMIDS?

THAT'S EASY! NINETEEN THOUSAND AND SIX! NOT COUNTING THE ONE THAT DROPPED ON PHARAOH SQUARO'S TOE...WHICH HE HAD TOSSED INTO THE NILE, THE STONE THAT IS!



(LLP!) THE MACHINE GIVES THE SAME ANSWER, ONLY SLOWER; AND IT DOESN'T MENTION THAT EXTRA ONE!

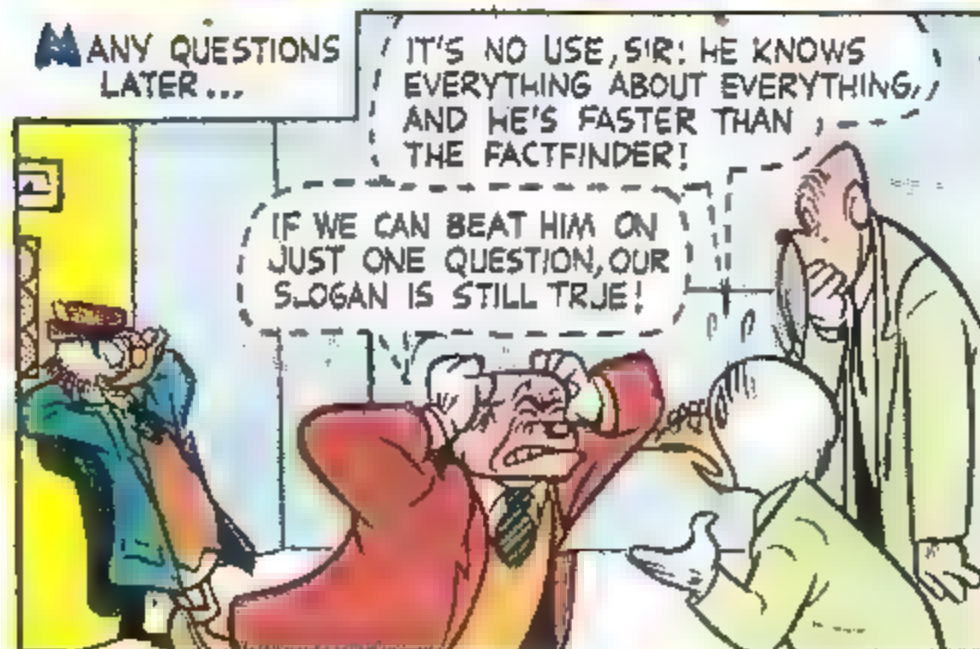
GRRR! TRY ANOTHER QUESTION!



MANY QUESTIONS LATER...

IT'S NO USE, SIR! HE KNOWS EVERYTHING ABOUT EVERYTHING, AND HE'S FASTER THAN THE FACTFINDER!

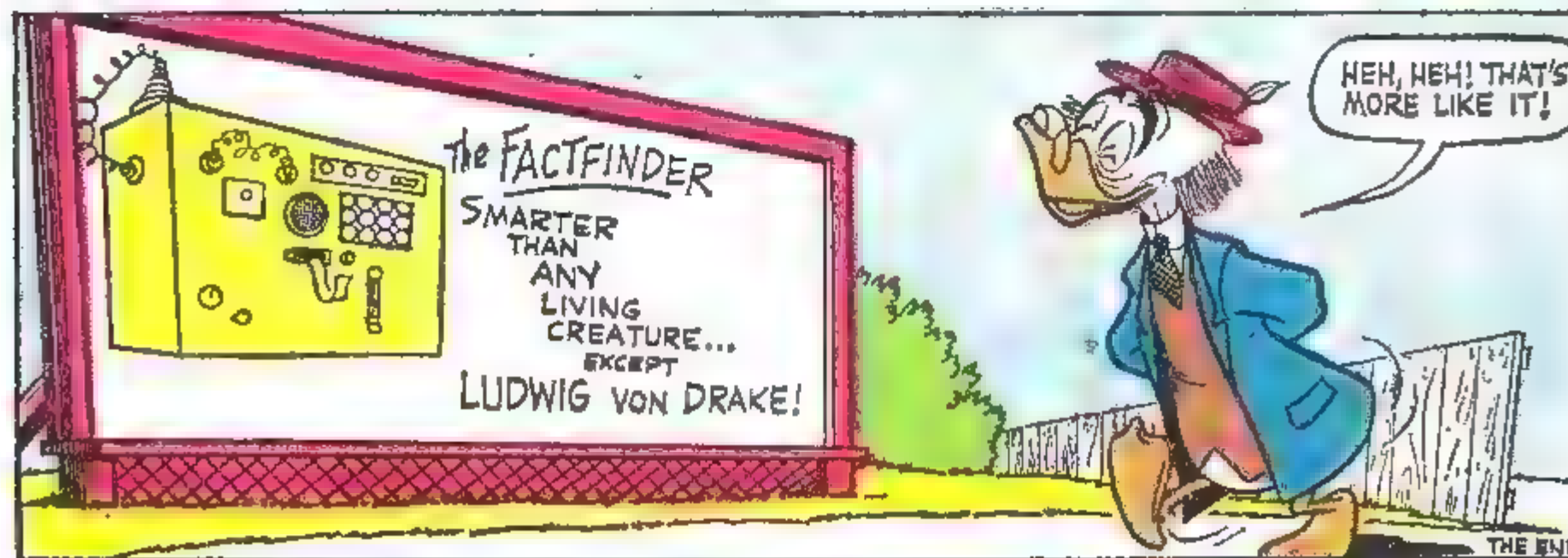
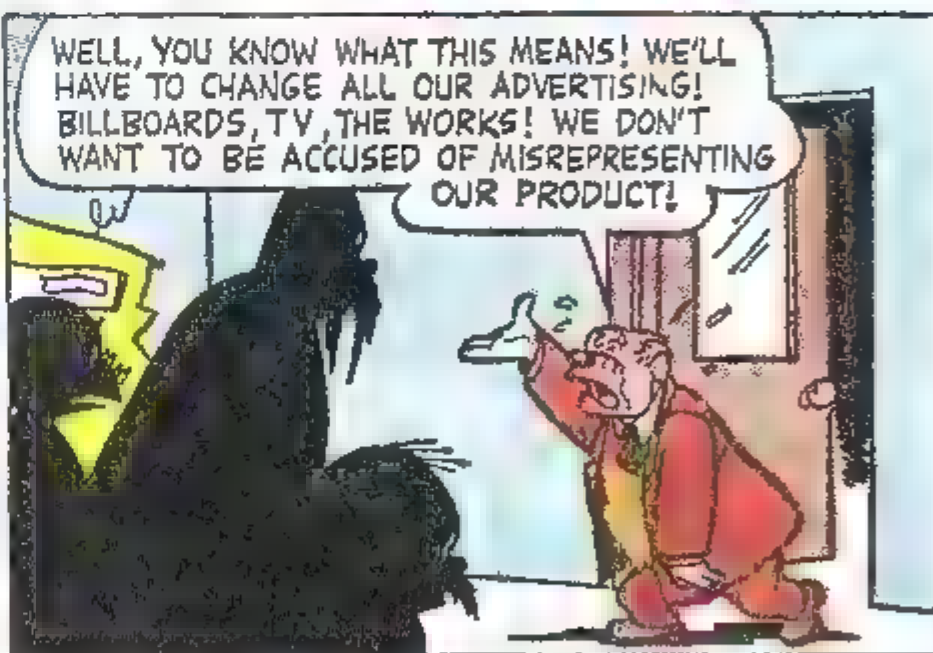
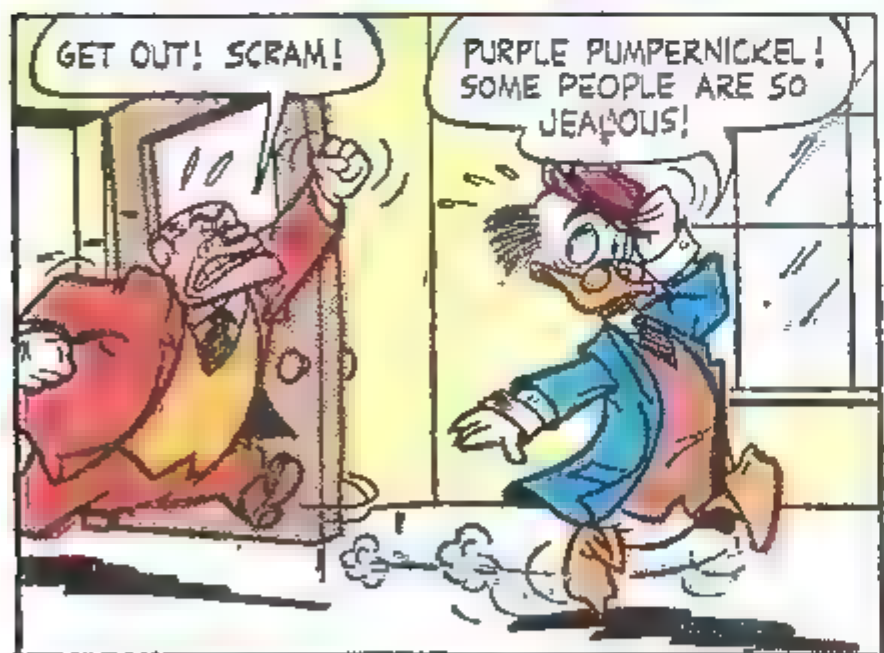
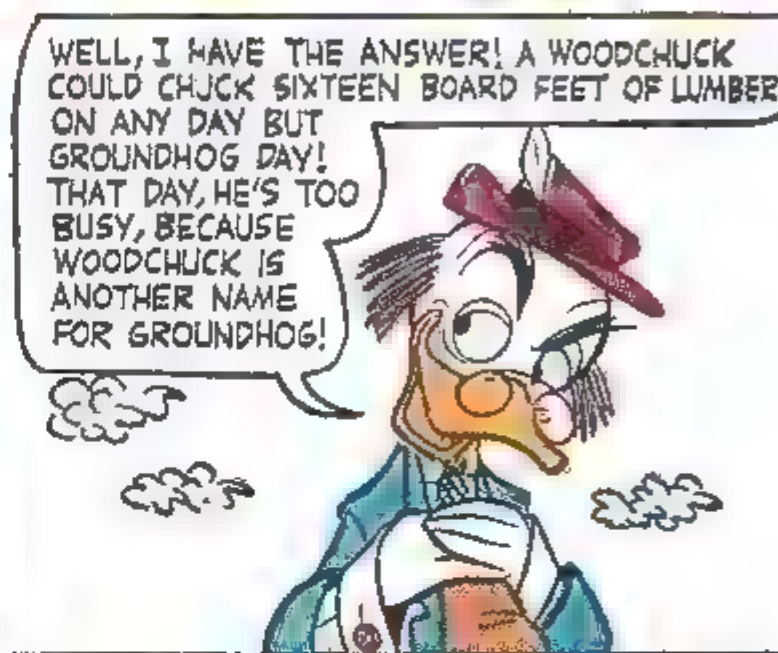
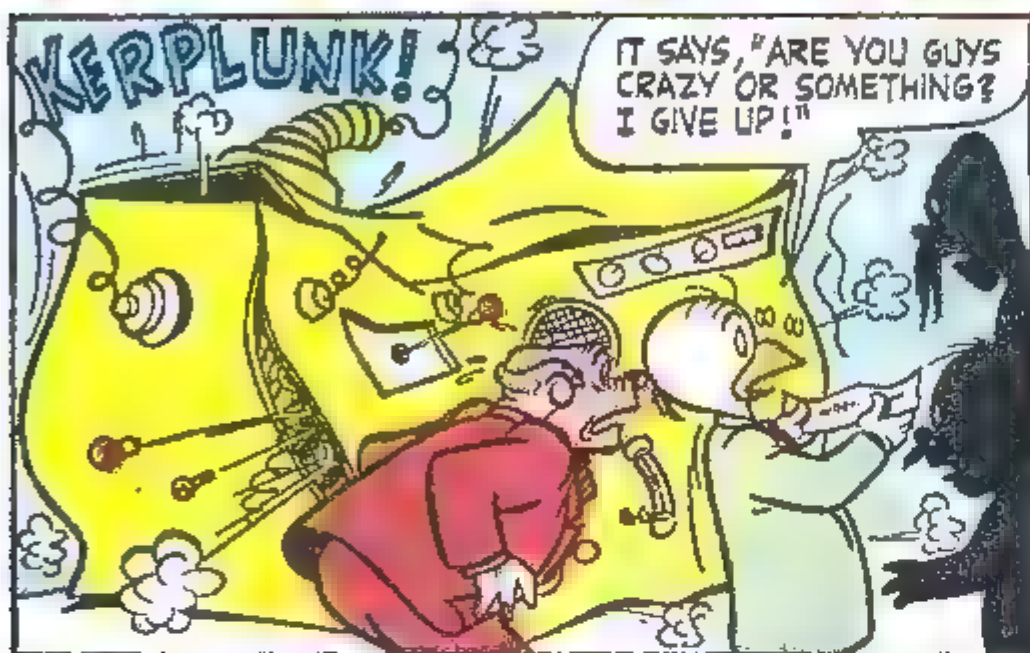
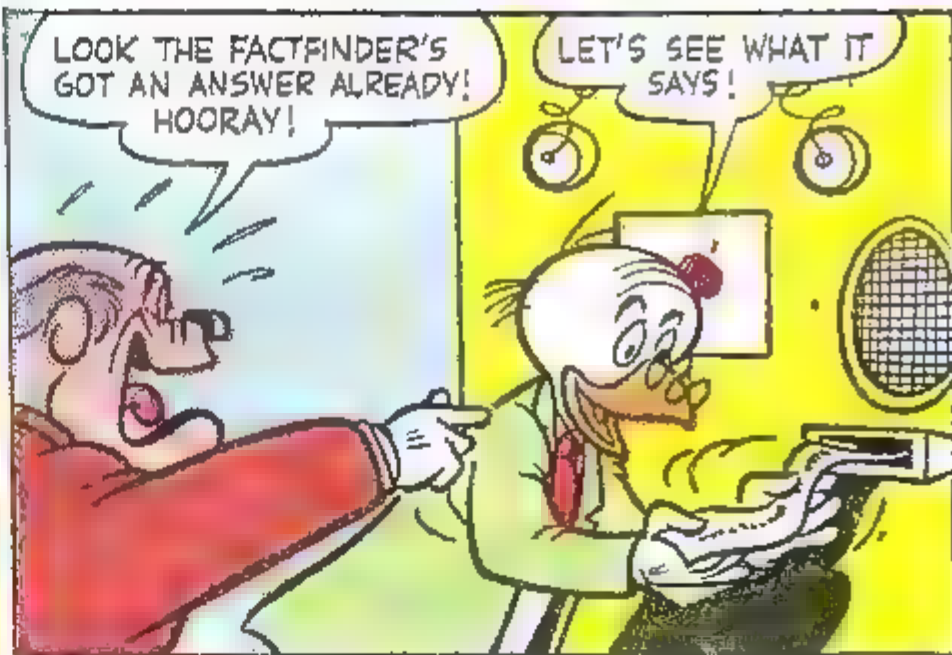
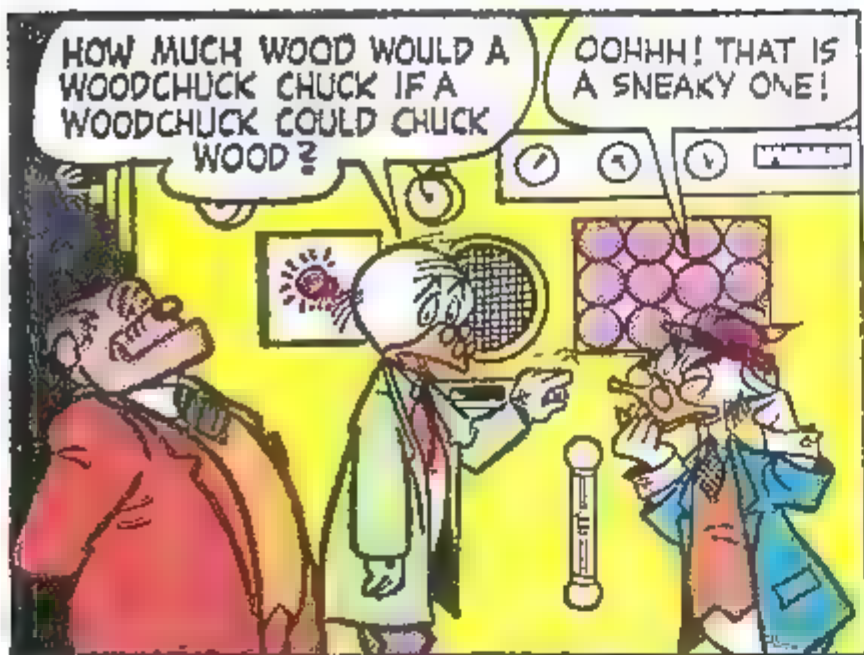
IF WE CAN BEAT HIM ON JUST ONE QUESTION, OUR SLOGAN IS STILL TRUE!



HAVEN'T YOU GOT SOME KIND OF A TRICK QUESTION?

WELL, THERE'S ONE I CAN TRY, BUT I DON'T KNOW WHAT THE OUTCOME WILL BE!





LUDWIG Von DRAKE

the LOST CHORD

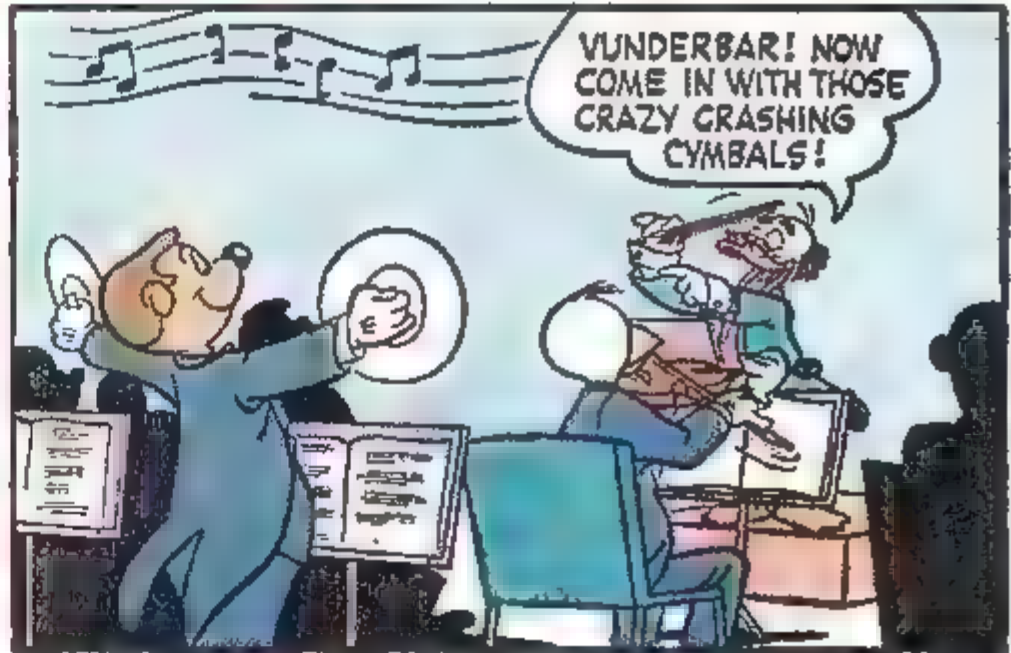
WOW! IT SURE WAS NICE OF PROFESSOR LUDWIG TO LET US WATCH A REHEARSAL OF THE DUCKBURG SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA!



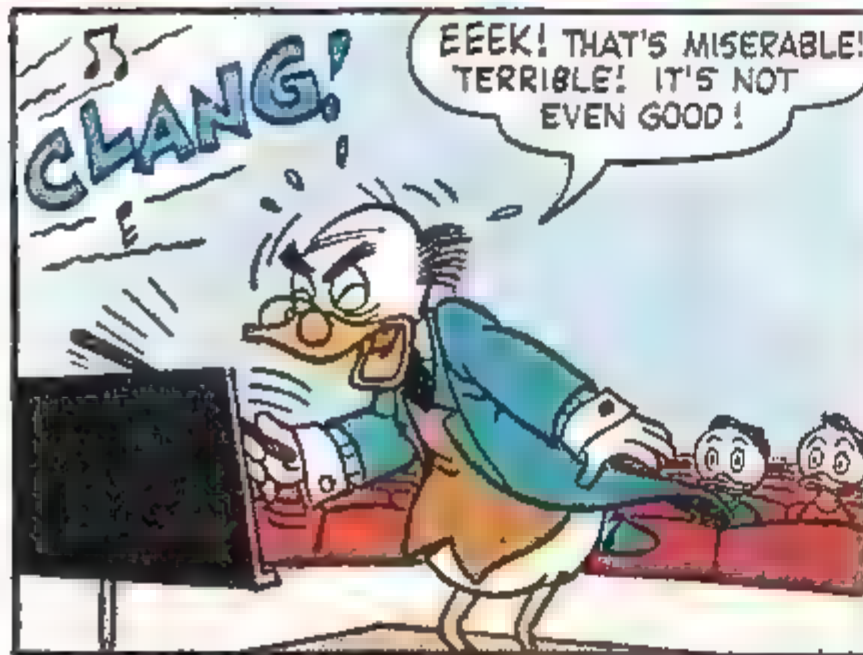
ALL RIGHT! TONIGHT IS OUR BIG CONCERT WITH PEOPLES AND EVERYTHING! I WANT A PERFECT REHEARSAL!



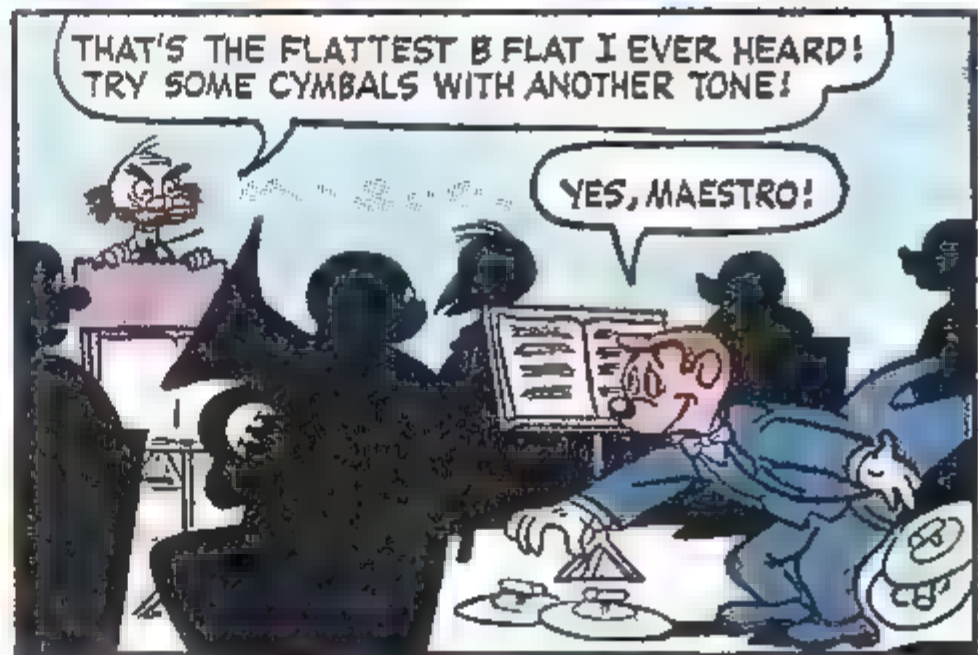
VUNDERBAR! NOW COME IN WITH THOSE CRAZY CRASHING CYMBALS!



EEEK! THAT'S MISERABLE! TERRIBLE! IT'S NOT EVEN GOOD!

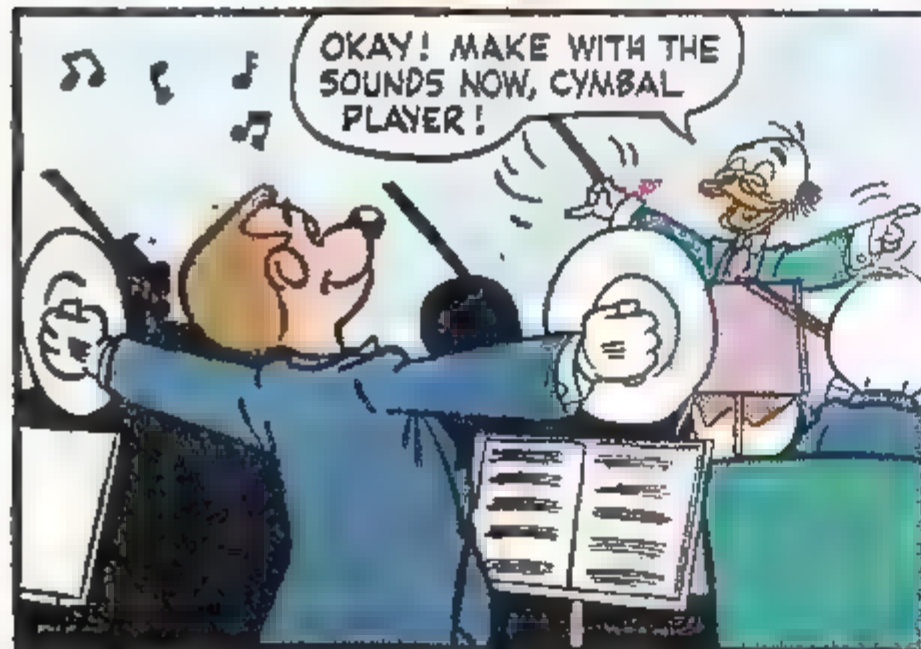


THAT'S THE FLATTEST B FLAT I EVER HEARD! TRY SOME CYMBALS WITH ANOTHER TONE!



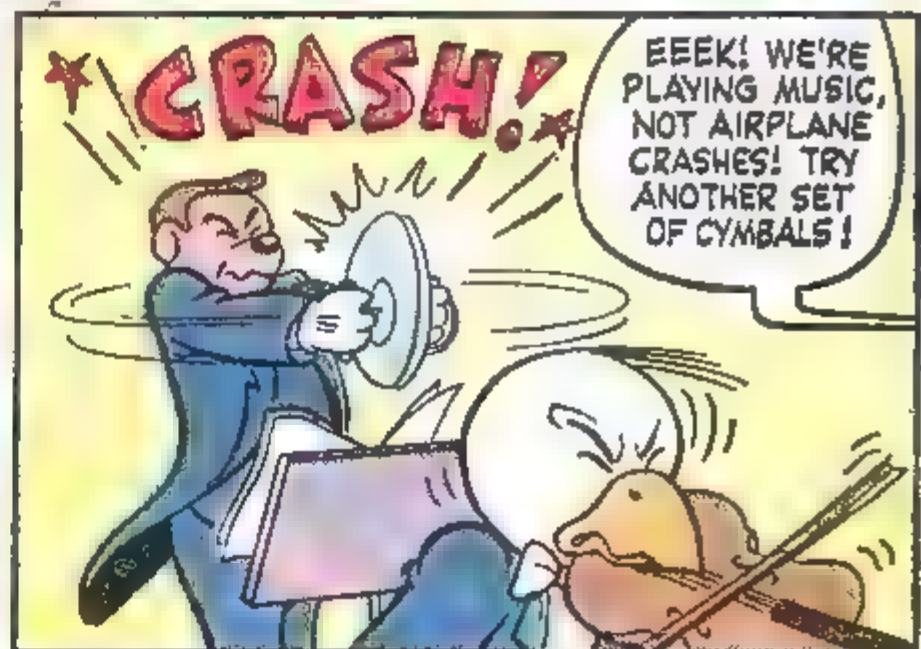
YES, MAESTRO!

OKAY! MAKE WITH THE SOUNDS NOW, CYMBAL PLAYER!



★ CRASH! ★

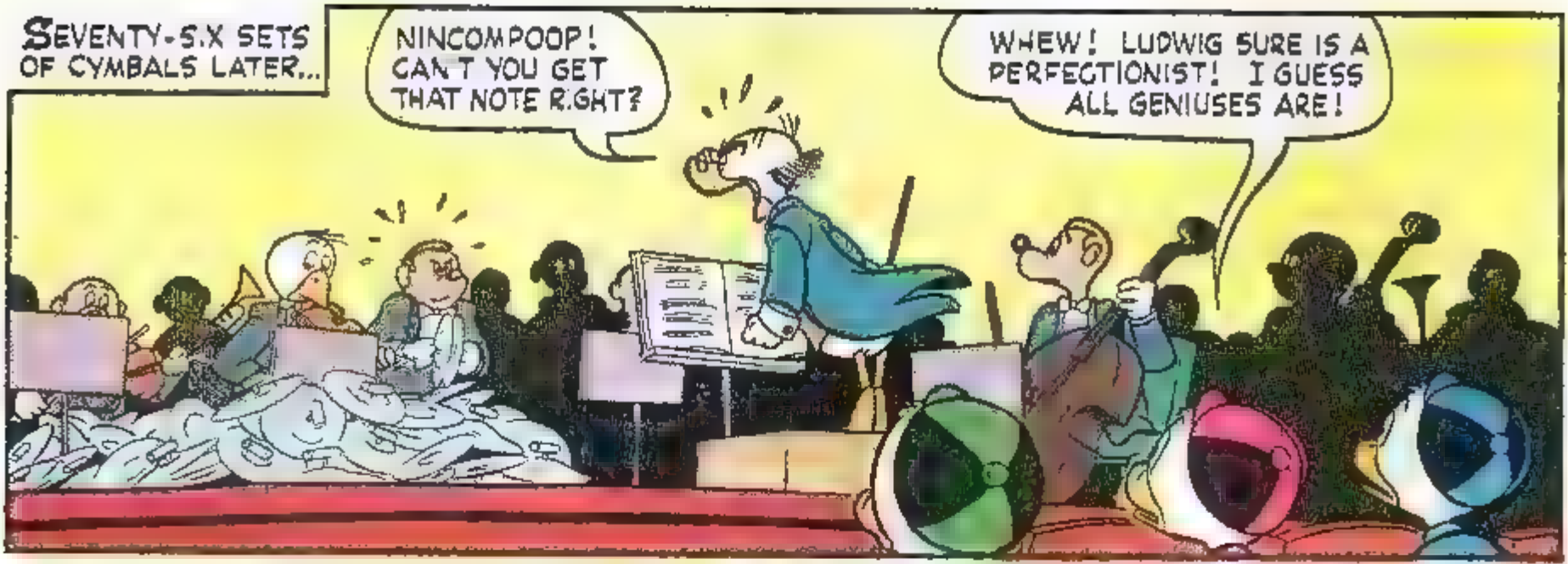
EEEK! WE'RE PLAYING MUSIC, NOT AIRPLANE CRASHES! TRY ANOTHER SET OF CYMBALS!



SEVENTY-SIX SETS
OF CYMBALS LATER...

NINCOMPOOP!
CAN'T YOU GET
THAT NOTE RIGHT?

WHEW! LUDWIG SURE IS A
PERFECTIONIST! I GUESS
ALL GENIUSES ARE!



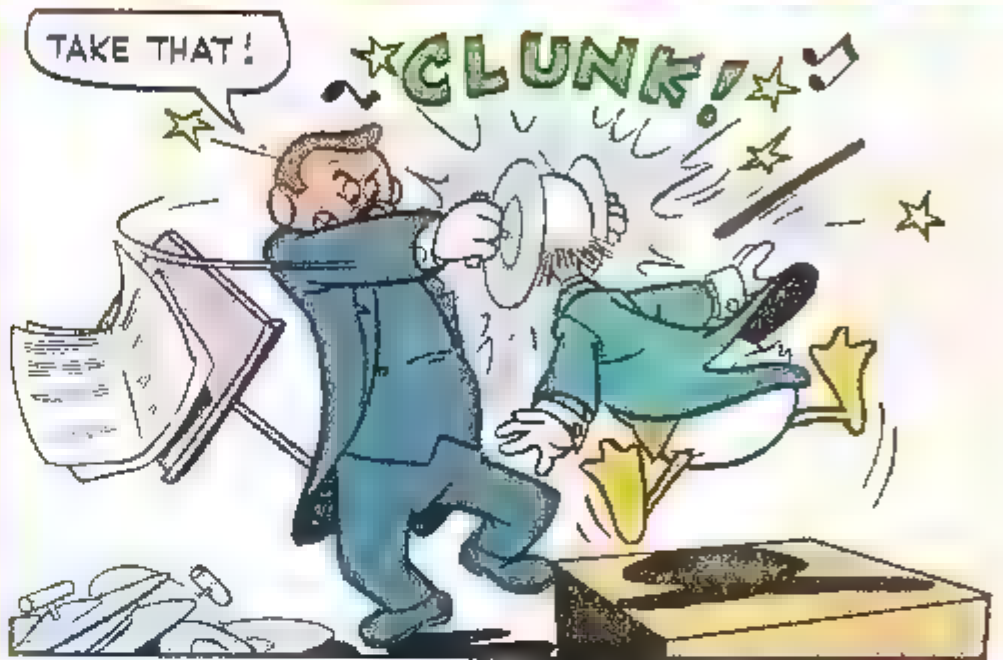
OF ALL THE T.N.-EARED, TONE DEAF
MUSICIANS I'VE HEARD, YOU'RE THE
WORST!

GRRR! I'VE
HAD ENOUGH!

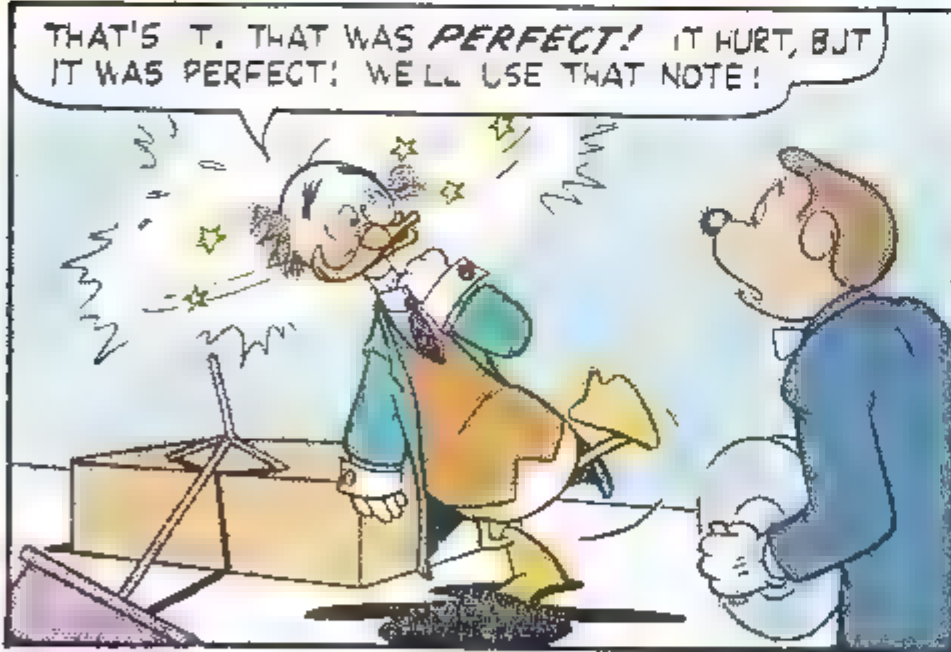


TAKE THAT!

☆CLUNK!☆



THAT'S IT. THAT WAS *PERFECT*! IT HURT, BUT
IT WAS PERFECT! WE'LL USE THAT NOTE!



ALL OF US TRUE ARTISTS MUST SUFFER!
WE'LL PLAY IT THAT WAY TONIGHT!
REHEARSAL IS OVER!



AND...

☆CLUNK!☆

WOW! THE CROWD LOVES THE
CONCERT! I'LL BET LUDWIG
WILL GET A LOT OF BOUQUETS
AFTER THE SHOW!

I BROUGHT A
GIFT HE'LL
LIKE BETTER!
A BOTTLE OF
*HEADACHE
TABLETS!*



The CHIPMUNK CHARADE



"Looks more like winter every day, an' soon snow will fly," sighed Dale. "My nose tell me. It get colder and colder."

"Your nose, huh! Everything say weather get colder. We won't see some of our friends for long time, 'cause they sleep all the winter," said Chip sadly.

"Let's have a party before everybody go sleepy-bye," suggested Dale.

"That good idea," Chip agreed. "We tell 'em chip in what they like to eat, then we play games and have big picnic lunch. Let's tell 'em now."

The chipmunks chattered the invitation to Thumper. He, in turn, thumped the message on a hollow log. Bongo heard it and raced on his unicycle to tell Bambi, who quickly told the Wise Old Owl.

"For whooo?" asked Wise Old Owl. "Me?"

"Of course," replied Bambi. "All of the forest friends are invited."

In practically no time, the whole forest knew about the party, including two unpleasant characters, Brer Fox and Brer Bear, who were friends only to each other. They were not invited, but they decided to go.

"Just when we're the hungriest, up pops the best meal of the year," Brer Fox said cunningly to Brer Bear.

"We'll rush in an' grab 'em all, huh?" Brer Bear gleefully made his own plans.

"No, indeedy no!" said Brer Fox emphatically, "First we'll pretend to be friendly and play games with 'em — then WHAM!"

"Oh, I like that," grinned Brer Bear. "I specially like the WHAM. Let's go now."

The little forest folks were playing a game in the clearing, when Brer Fox and Brer Bear were noticed coming toward them. Panic swept the little group.

"Quiet!" whispered Wise Old Owl. "I have an idea. We can outfox that foxy pair.

"Good afternoon," Wise Old Owl greeted the uninvited guest. "Won't you join our game? The chipmunks will explain it."

"Good! We hoped you'd ask us," grinned Brer Fox. "Er—what's the game all you delicious, uh, lovely people are playing?"

"Ch-ch-charades," stuttered Chip, trying to sound unafraid. "It's a guessing game. Some of us act out words, and the rest of us try to guess what the words are."

"Wouldn't you like to be a team?" asked Wise Old Owl. "I'll help you."

"Golly, yes," agreed the intruders.

Into Brer Bear's ear, Wise Old Owl whispered, "Be Sleeping Beauty."

Then he whispered the same thing into Brer Fox's ear. Neither player heard what was said to the other, and they both lay down on the ground and closed their eyes.

"Now," whispered Wise Old Owl, motioning to the others.

Silently, they picked up their baskets and followed him far into the forest, to continue their picnic where they would be safe.

"It's about time somebody woke me up," Brer Fox called out after a long wait. "I'm Sleeping Beauty."

"No, I'm Sleeping Beauty!" exclaimed Brer Bear, jumping to his feet. "Hey, where is everybody?"

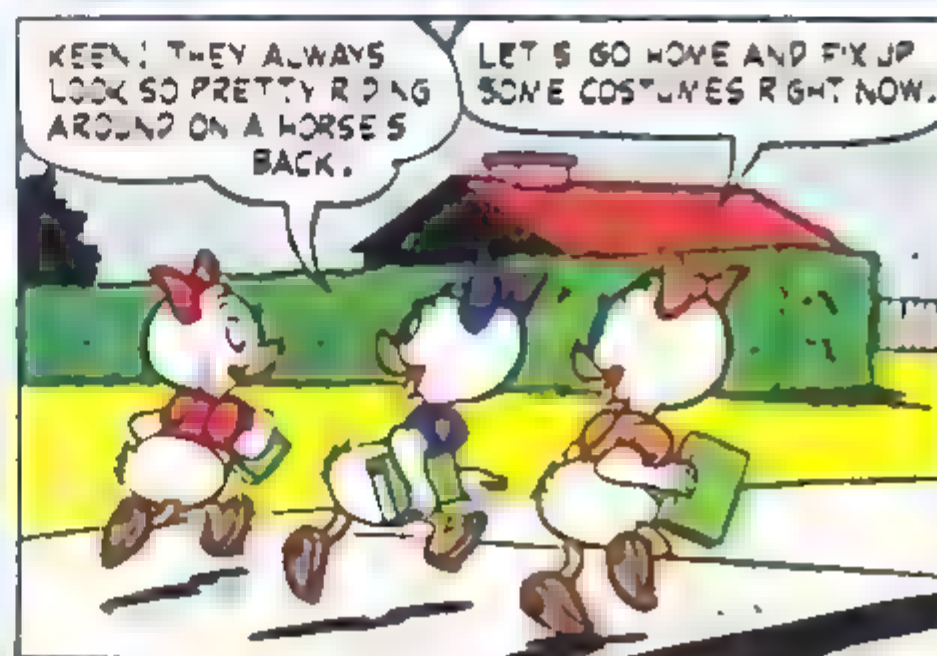
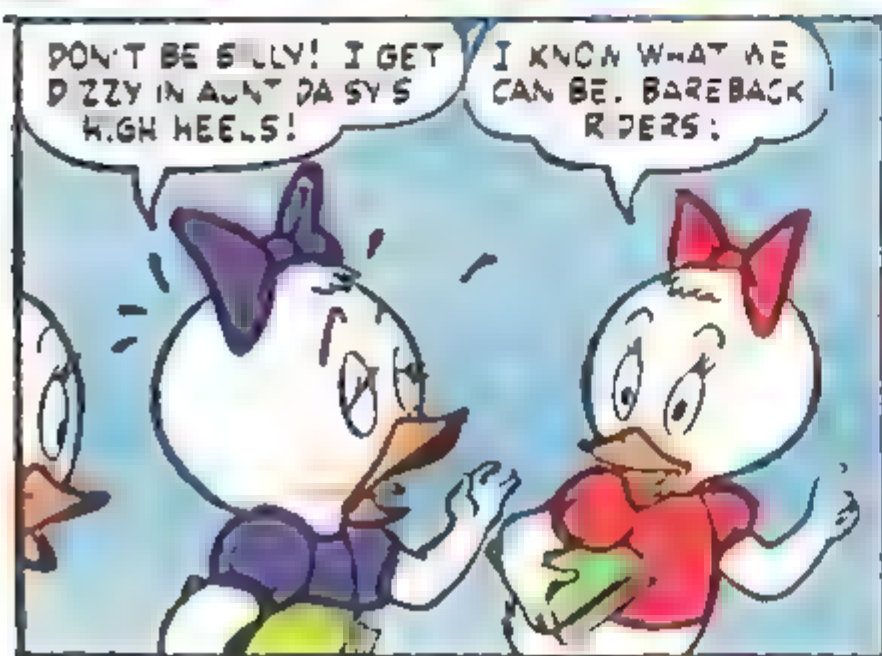
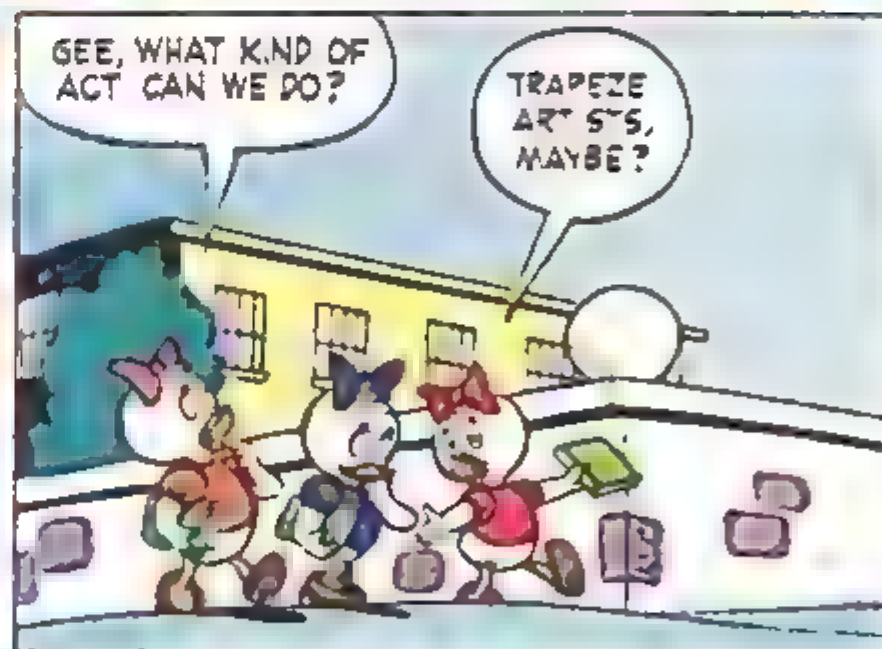
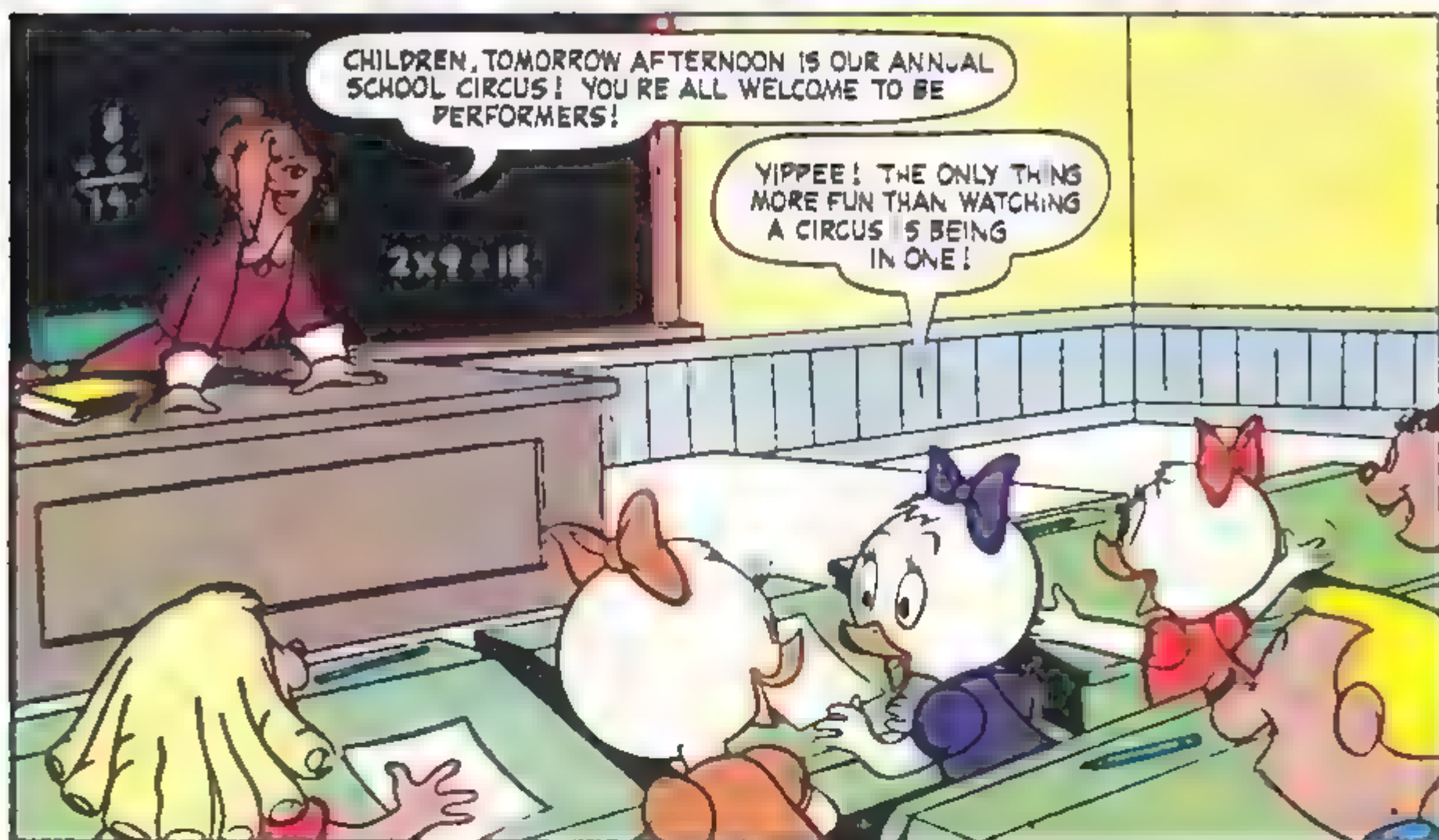
"Gone, all gone!" groaned Brer Fox.

"So," said Brer Bear, disgustedly as he picked up a stick, "you're so smart! You have to play games before you wham. Well, WHAM to you! I'm through with games."

"Ouch!" cried Brer Fox, rubbing the bump on his head. "I'm through, too . . . specially with Chipmunk Charades. They're no good."

But the chipmunks and their happy friends felt differently. They agreed that this particular Chipmunk Charade was the very best game they had played all year.

Walt Disney's **APRIL, MAY and JUNE**
SCHOOL CIRCUS STARS





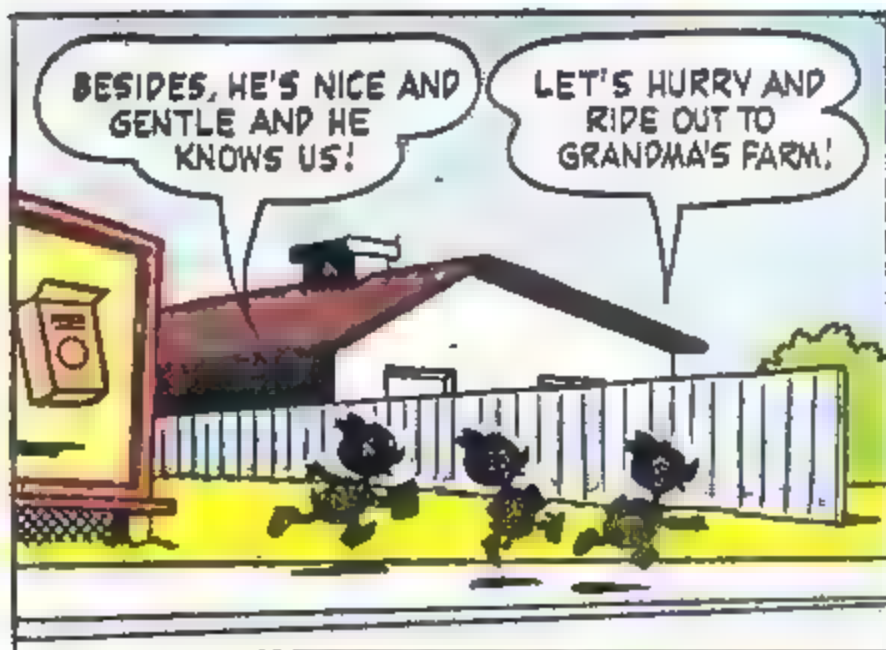
GEEP! I JUST REMEMBERED
SOMETHING WE NEED WORSE
THAN CLOTHES! A HORSE!

THAT'S RIGHT!
WE FORGOT THE
MOST IMPORTANT
PART!



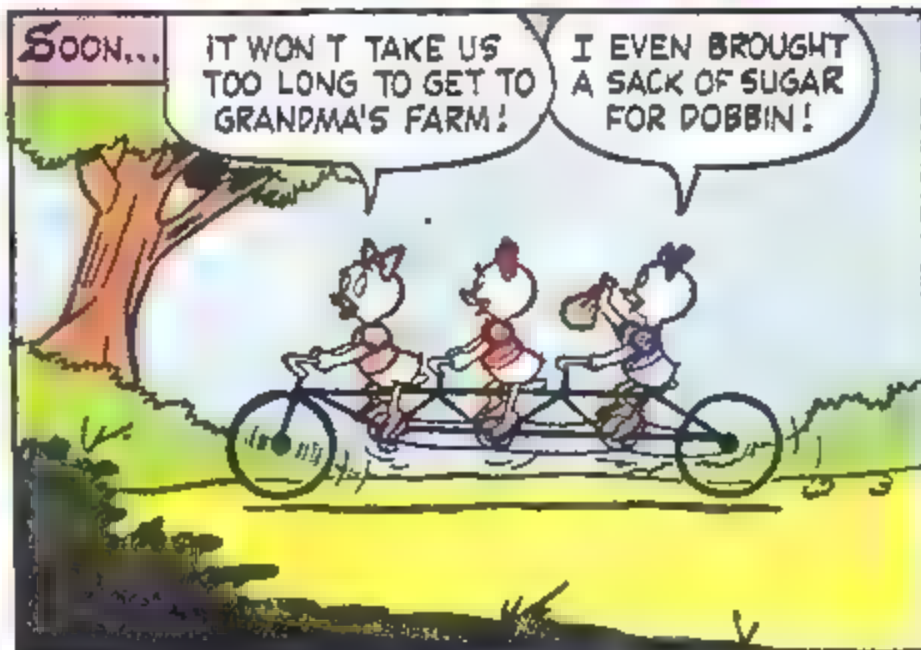
NOW WHERE
CAN WE GET
A HORSE?

I KNOW! WE CAN
BORROW OLD DOBBIN
FROM GRANDMA DUCK!



BESIDES, HE'S NICE AND
GENTLE AND HE
KNOWS US!

LET'S HURRY AND
RIDE OUT TO
GRANDMA'S FARM!



SOON...

IT WON'T TAKE US
TOO LONG TO GET TO
GRANDMA'S FARM!

I EVEN BROUGHT
A SACK OF SUGAR
FOR DOBBIN!



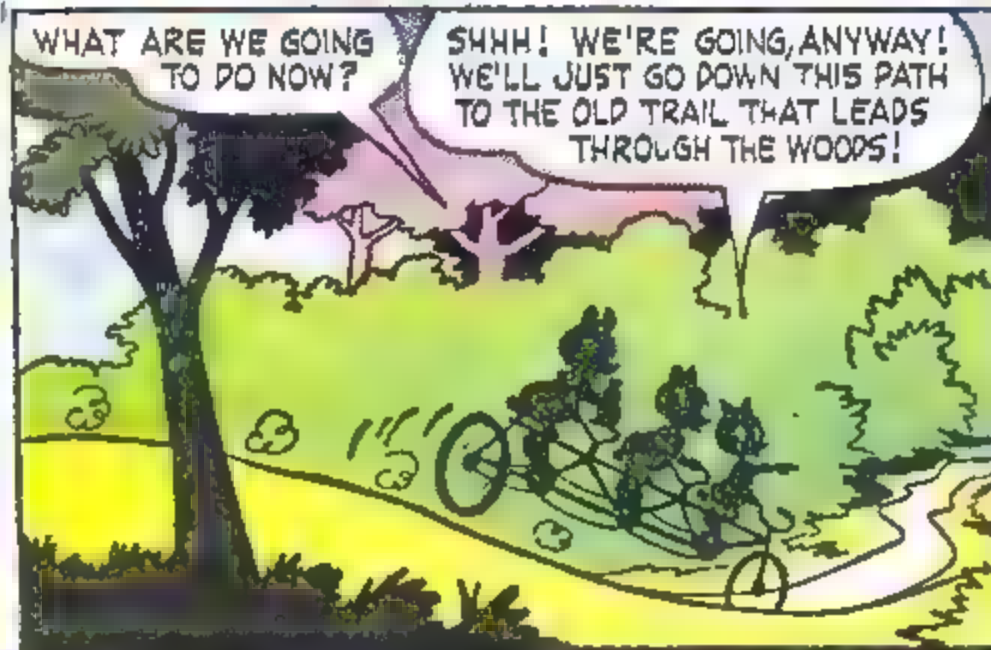
SORRY, KIDS! THIS ROAD THROUGH DUCKBURG WOODS
IS CLOSED FOR A WHILE! A BEAR ESCAPED FROM THE
ZOO AND WE THINK HE'S SOMEWHERE IN THE WOODS!

GEE WHIZ! WE HAVE TO GO THROUGH THE WOODS
TO GET TO GRANDMA'S FARM!



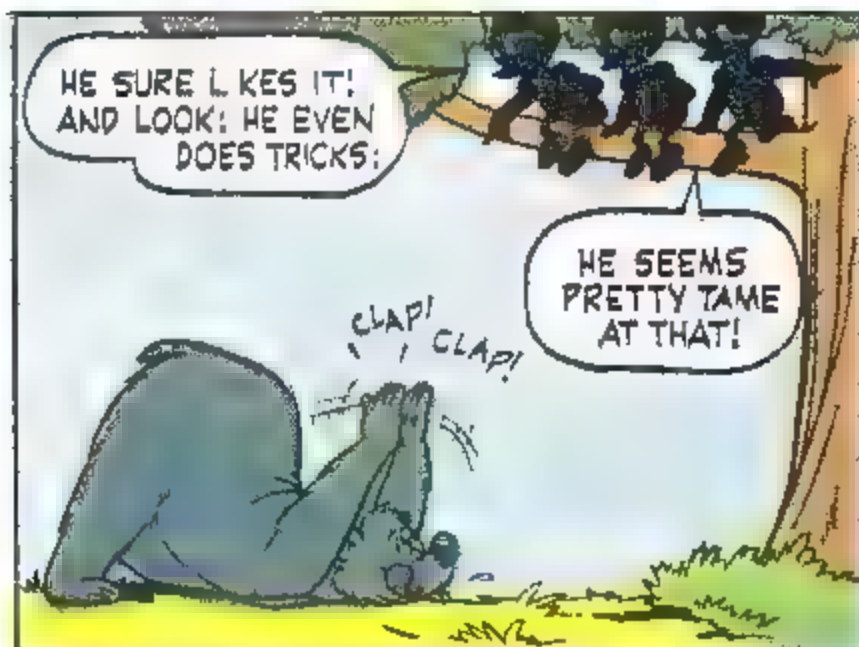
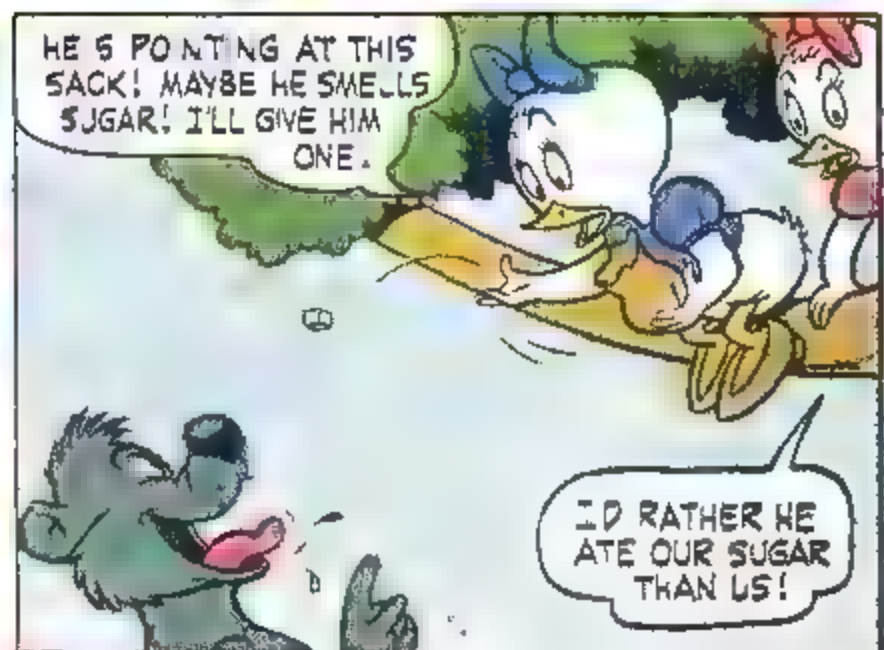
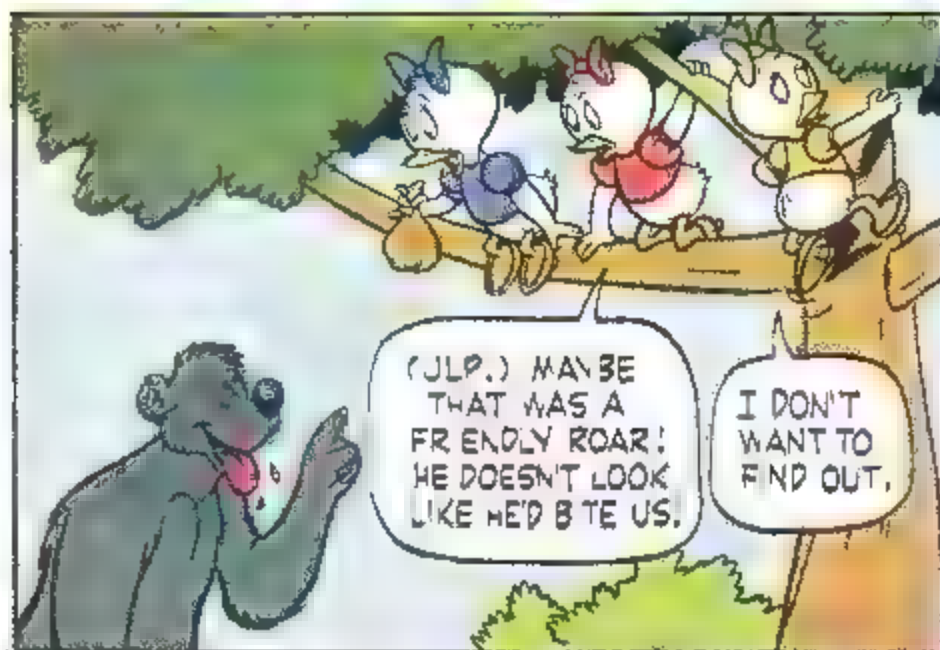
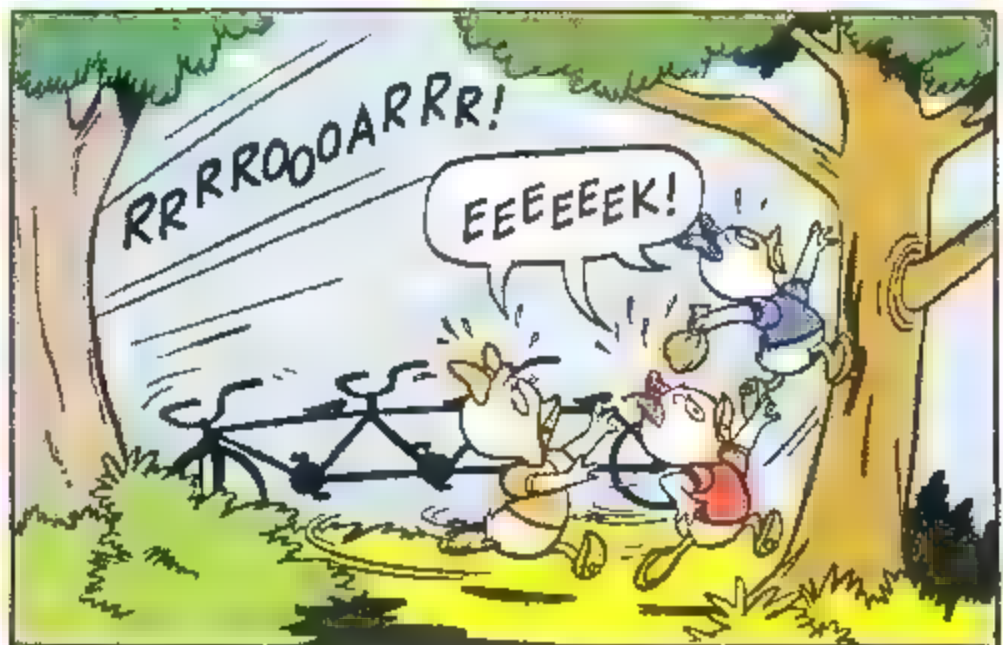
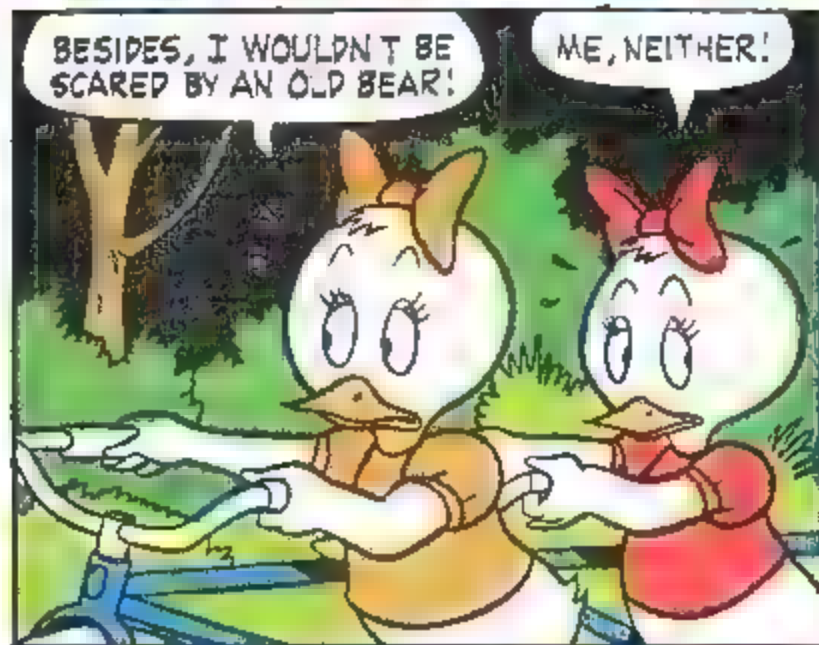
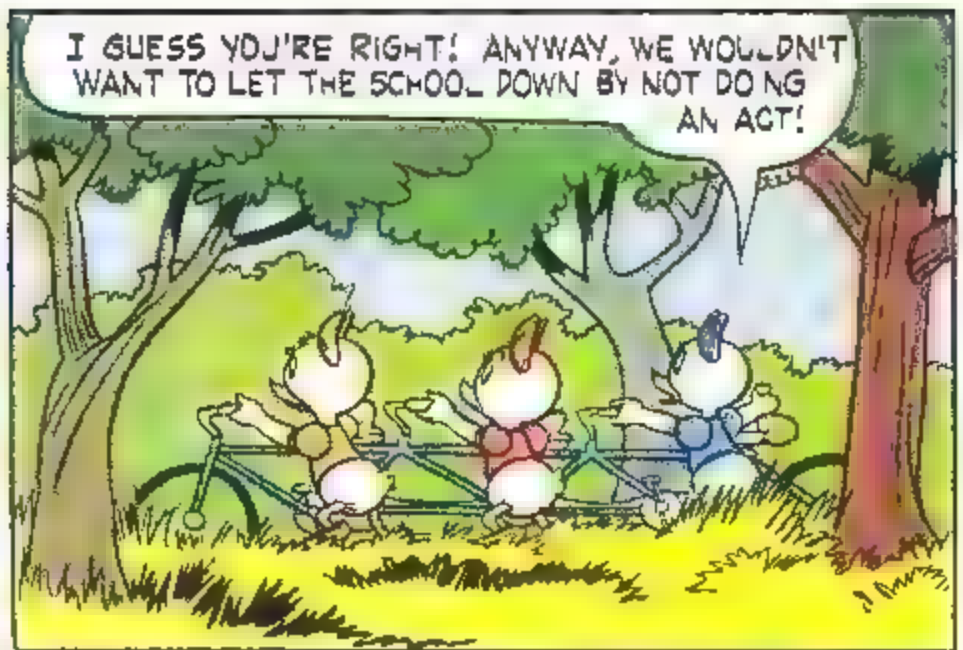
SORRY! THERE ARE SOME MEN
IN THERE LOOKING FOR THE BEAR
NOW! YOU CAN'T GO THROUGH!

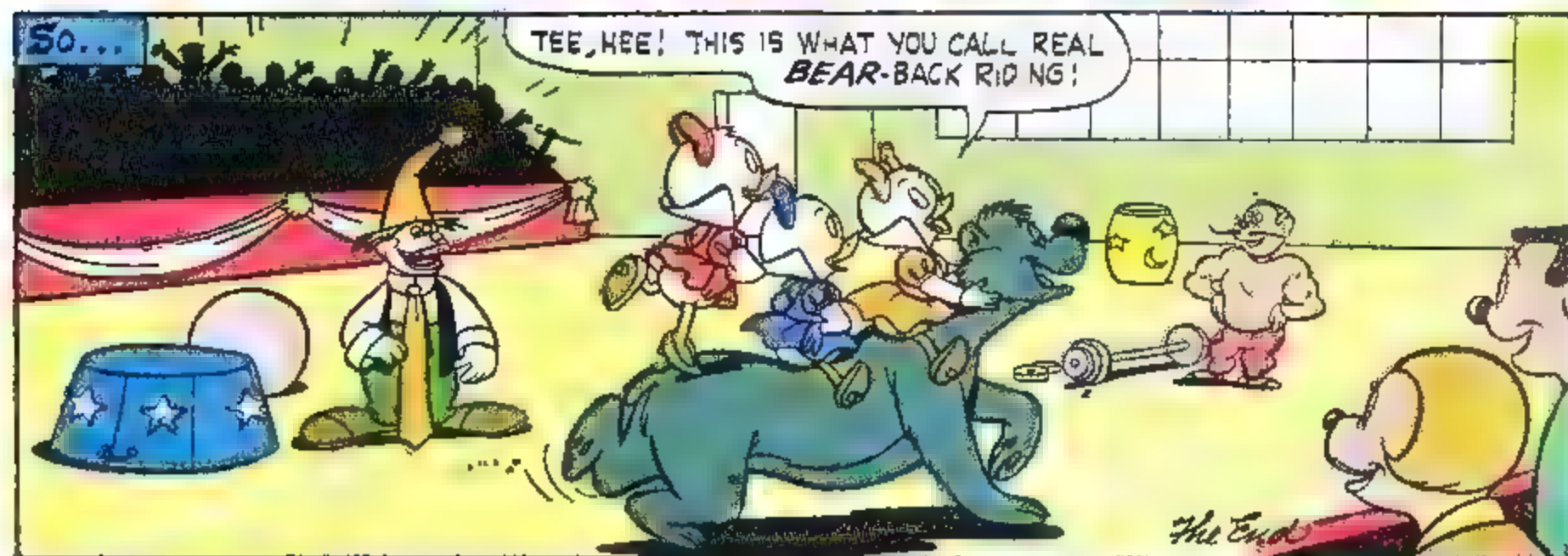
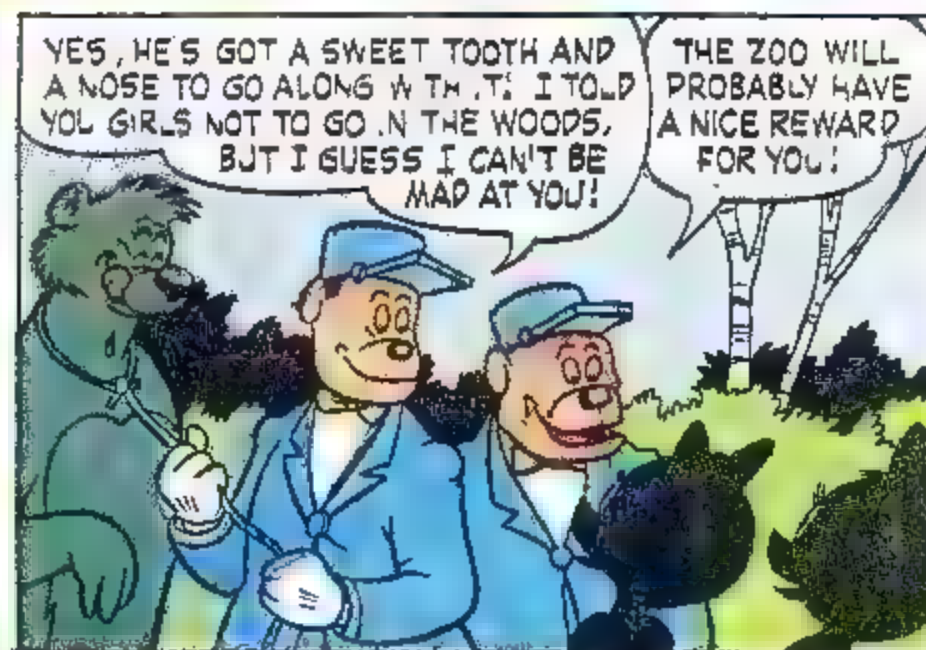
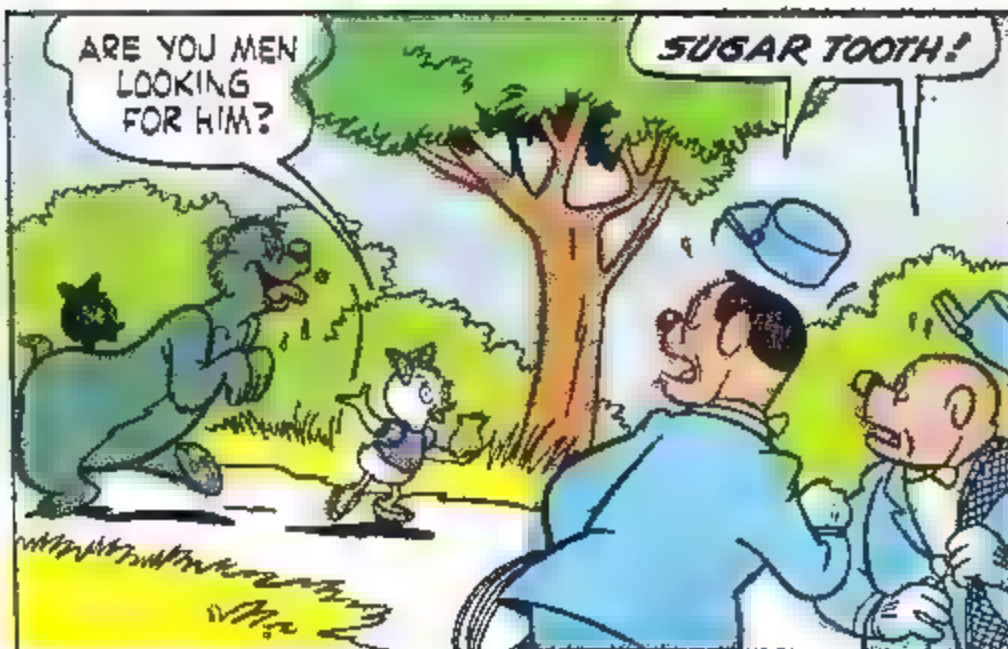
(SIGH!)
LET'S GO,
GIRLS!



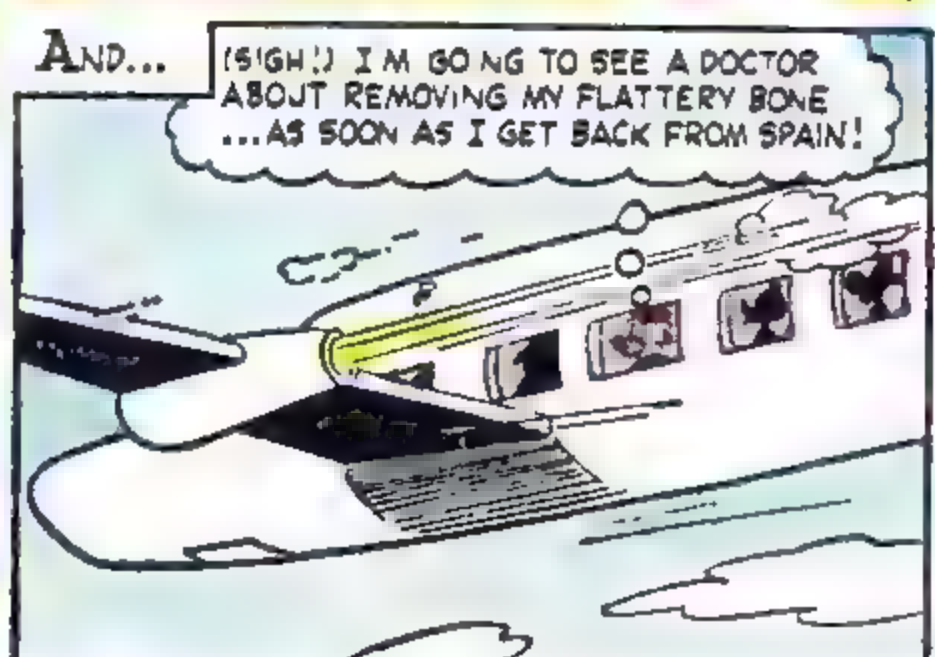
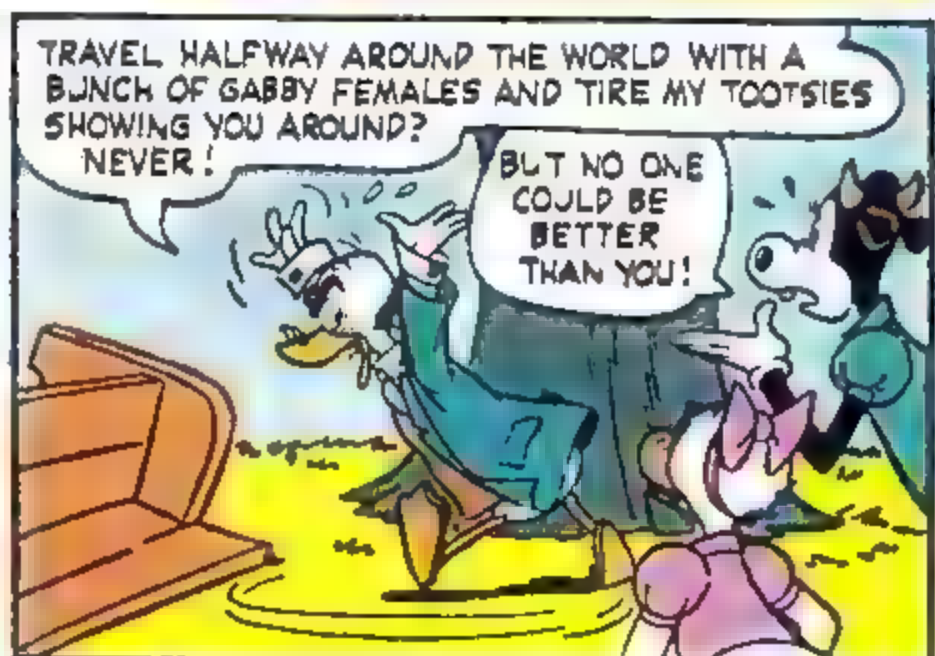
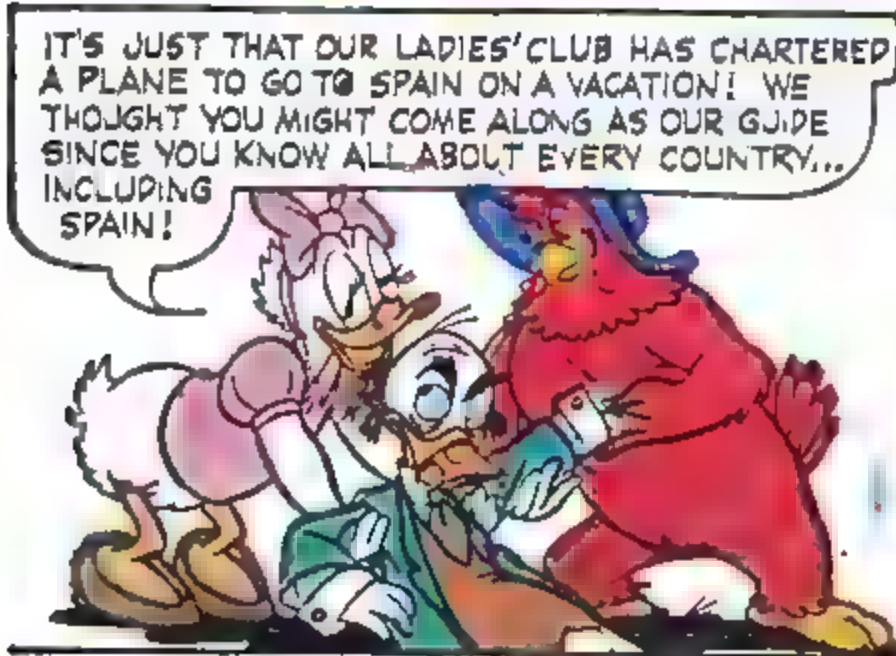
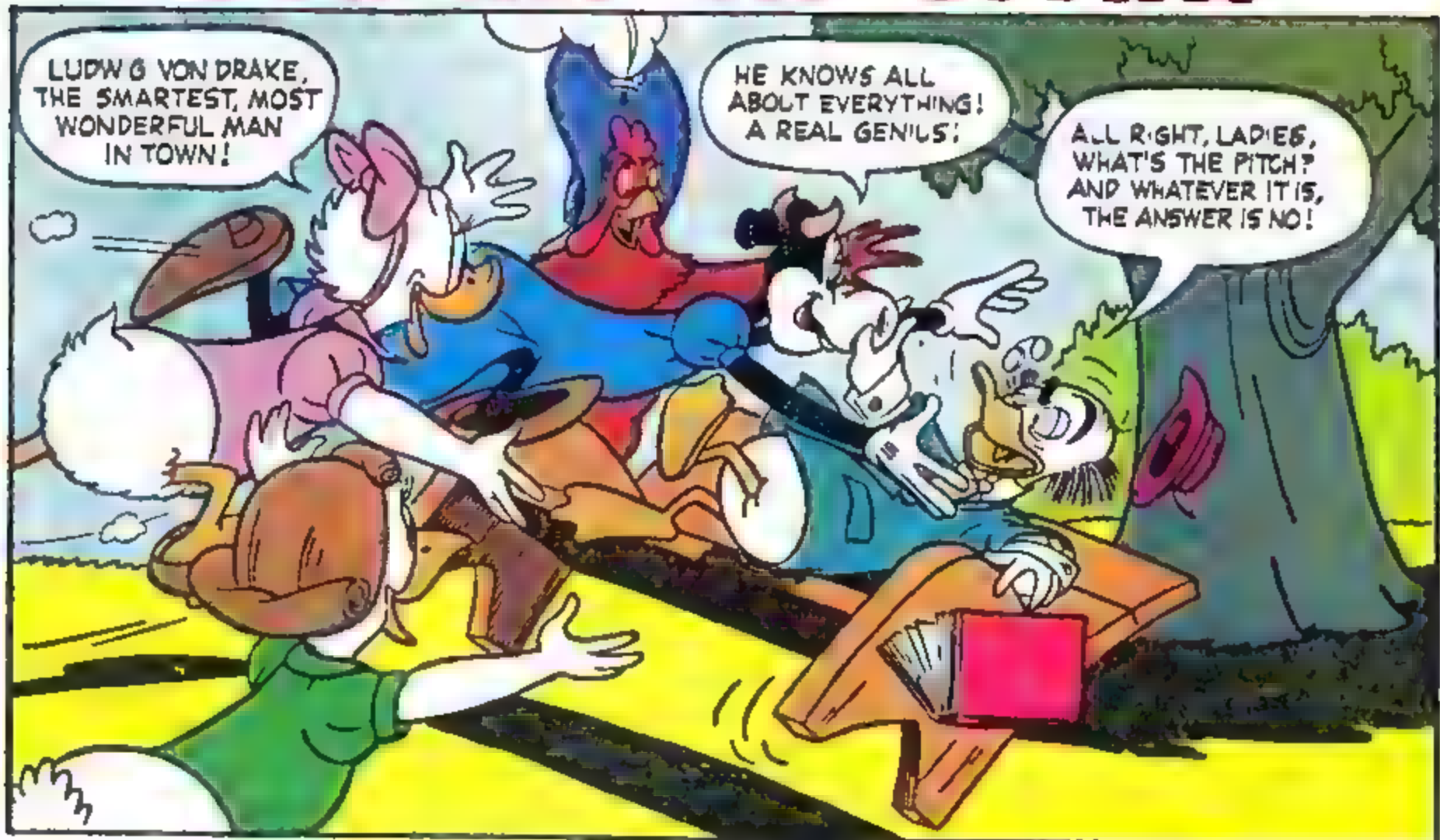
WHAT ARE WE GOING
TO DO NOW?

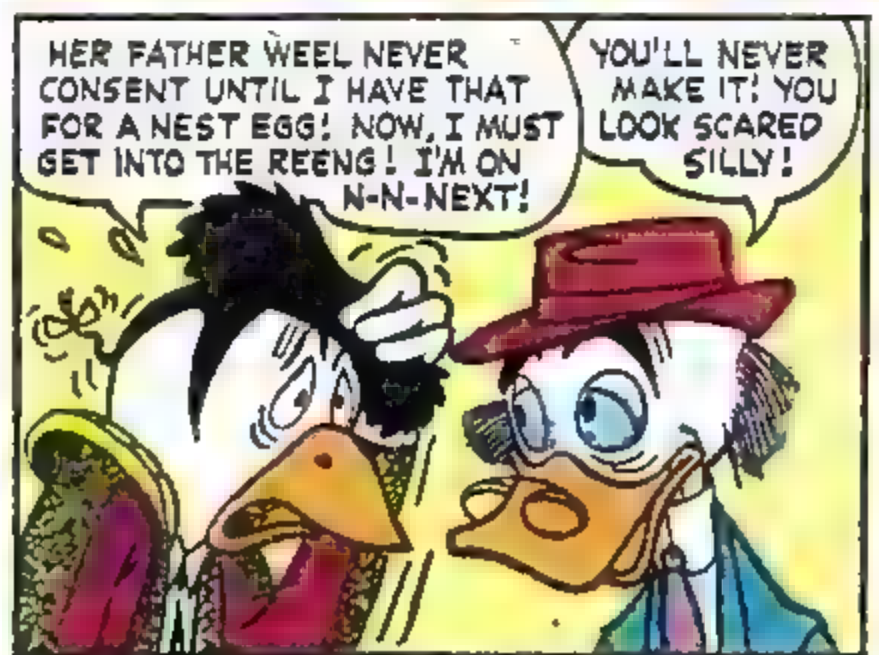
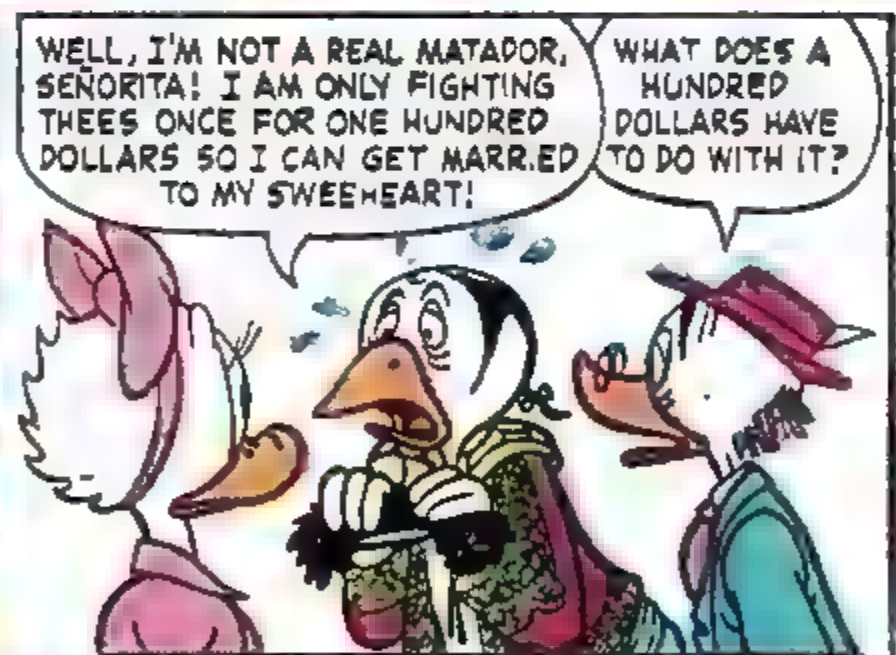
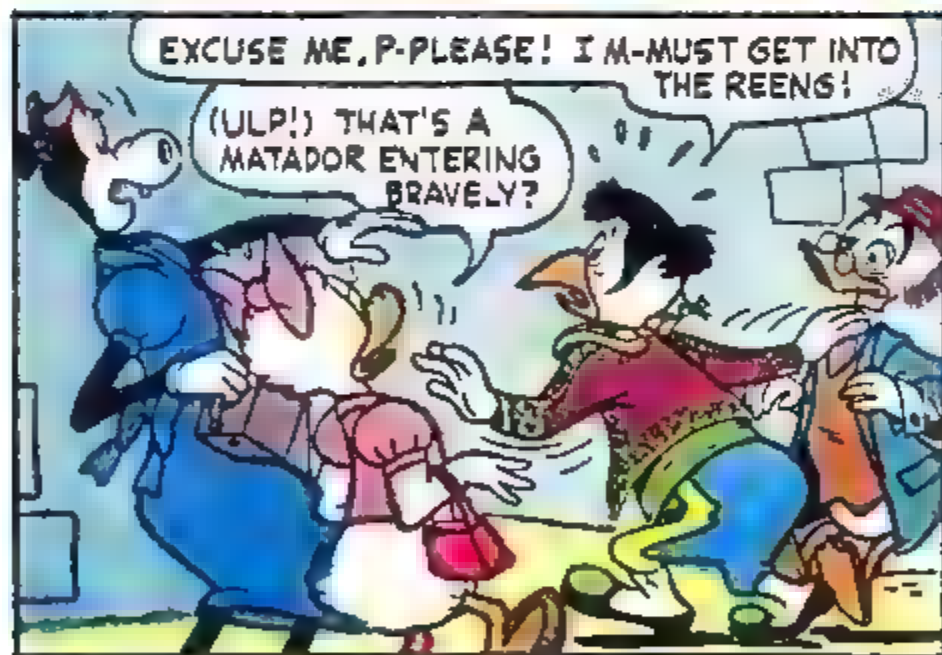
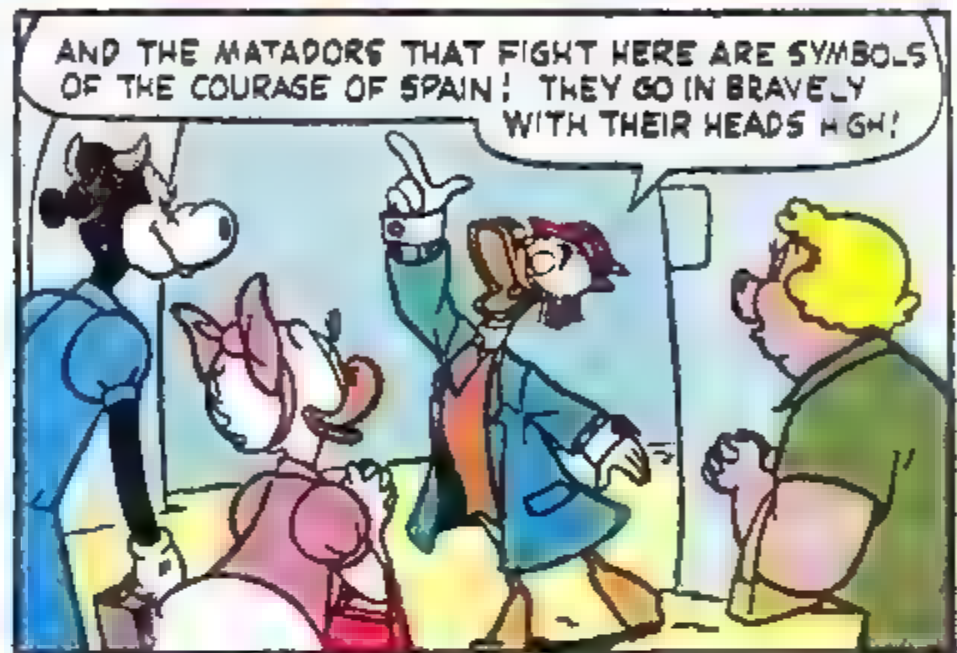
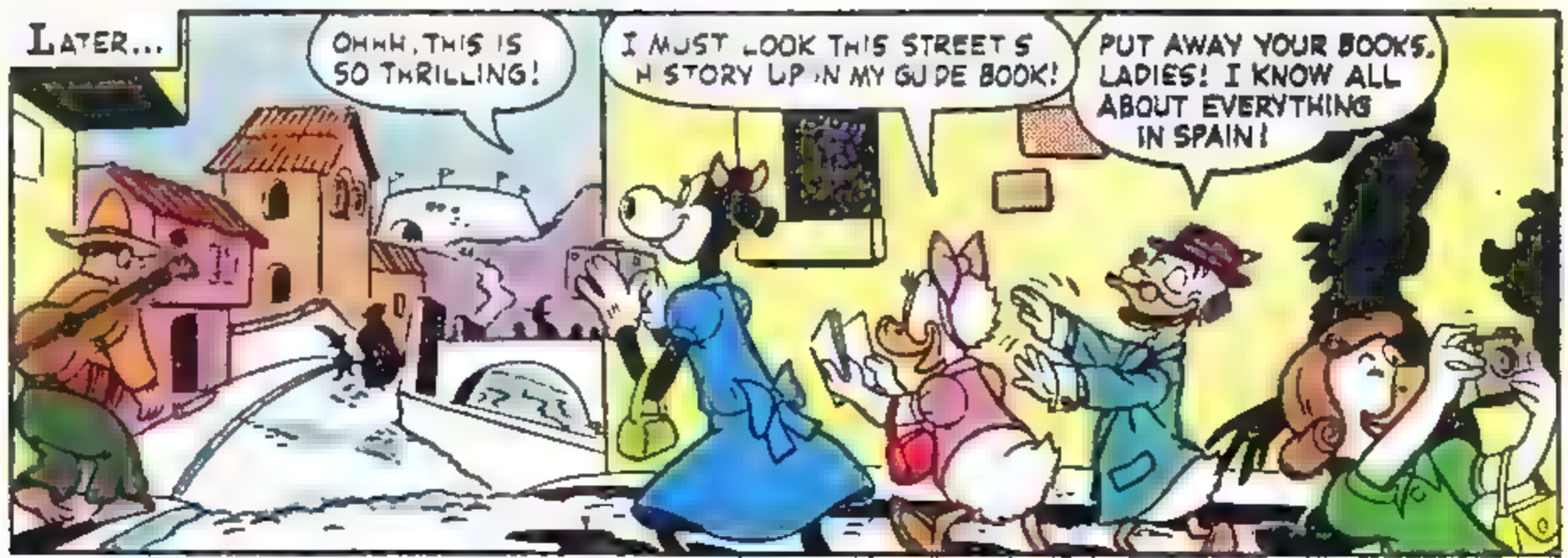
SHHH! WE'RE GOING, ANYWAY!
WE'LL JUST GO DOWN THIS PATH
TO THE OLD TRAIL THAT LEADS
THROUGH THE WOODS!

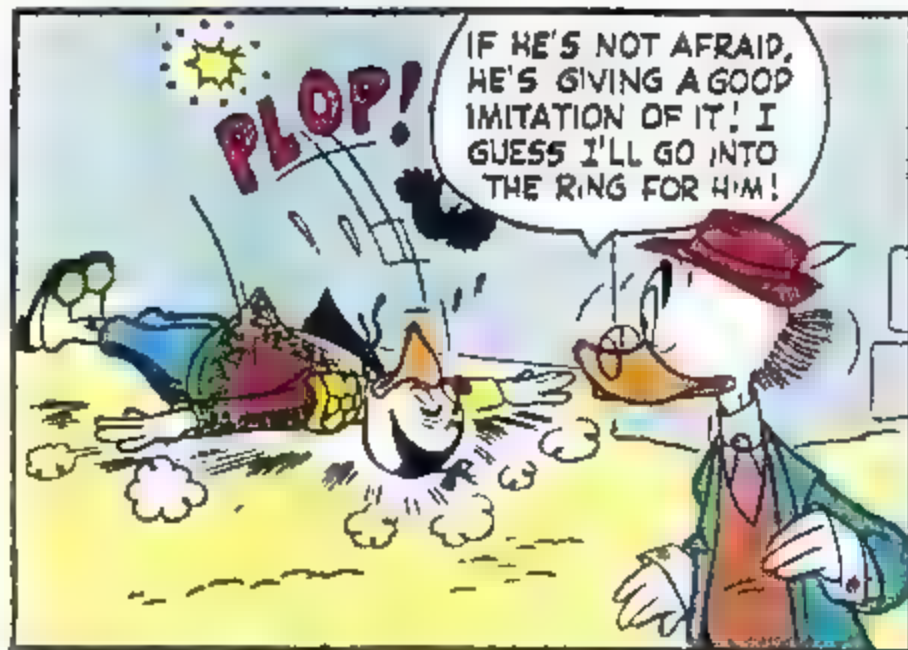




Walt Disney's **LUDWIG Von DRAKE**
STRAIN IN SPAIN





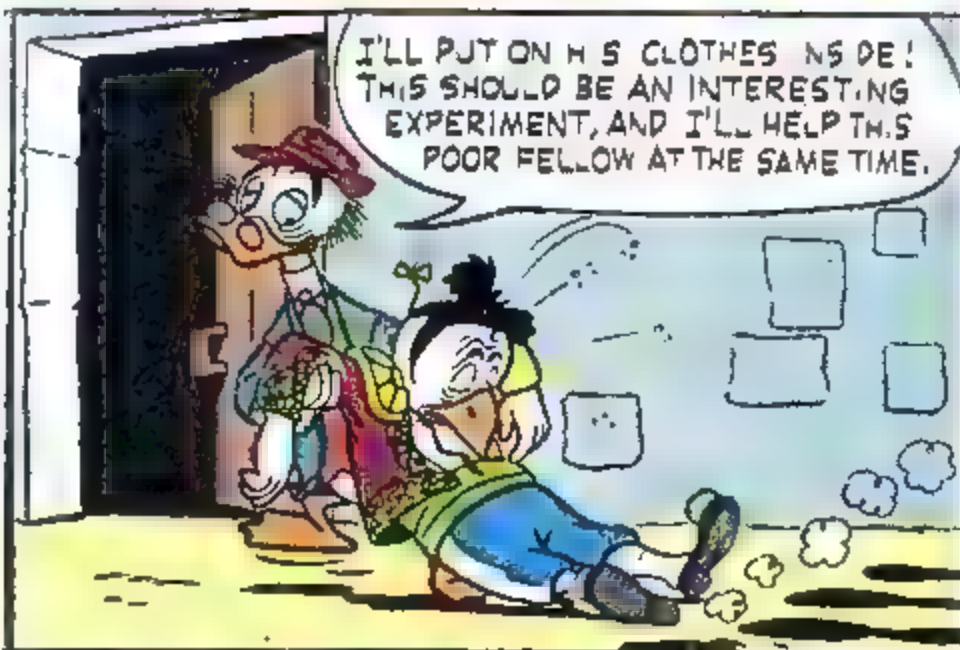


IF HE'S NOT AFRAID, HE'S GIVING A GOOD IMITATION OF IT! I GUESS I'LL GO INTO THE RING FOR HIM!

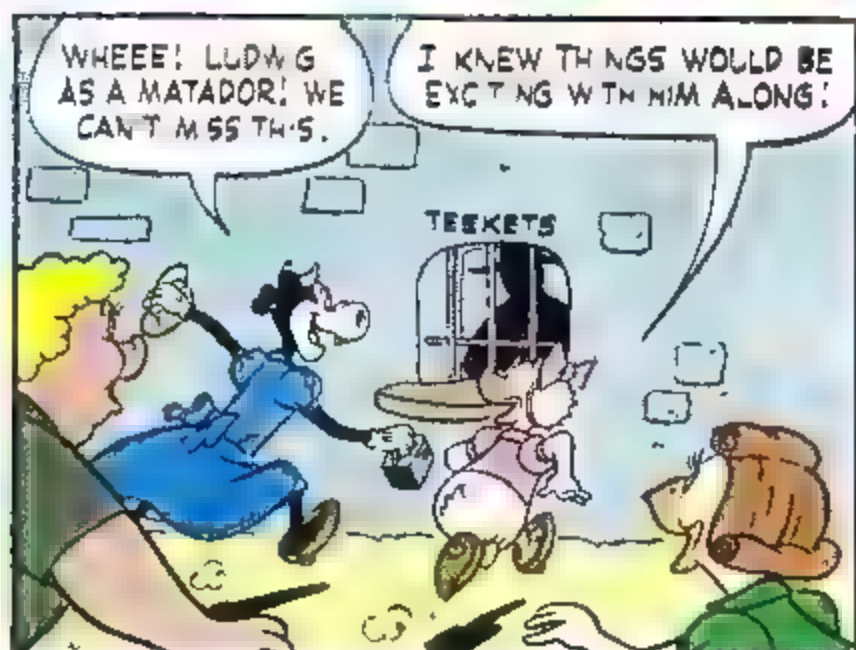


YOU? FIGHT A BULL?

WHO SAID ANYTHING ABOUT FIGHTING HIM? I'M AN EXPERT IN ANIMAL PSYCHOLOGY! I'LL TALK THE BULL OUT OF FIGHTING!

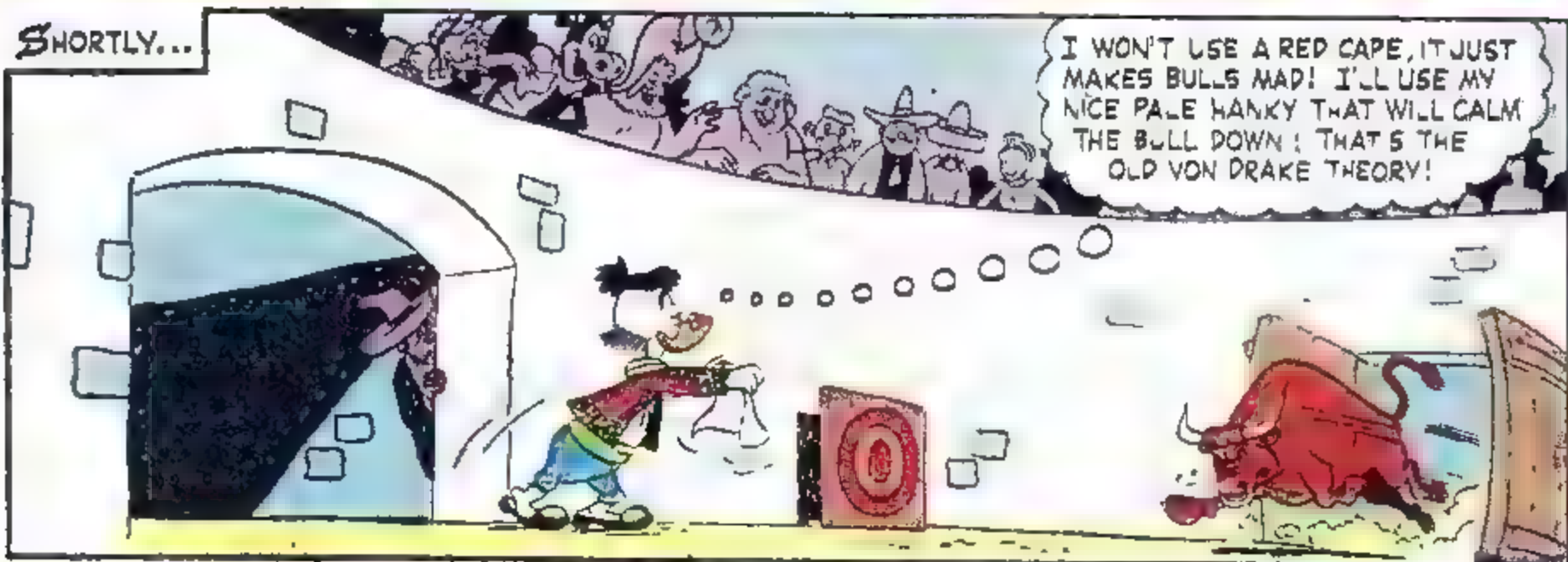


I'LL PUT ON HIS CLOTHES AND HE! THIS SHOULD BE AN INTERESTING EXPERIMENT, AND I'LL HELP THIS POOR FELLOW AT THE SAME TIME.



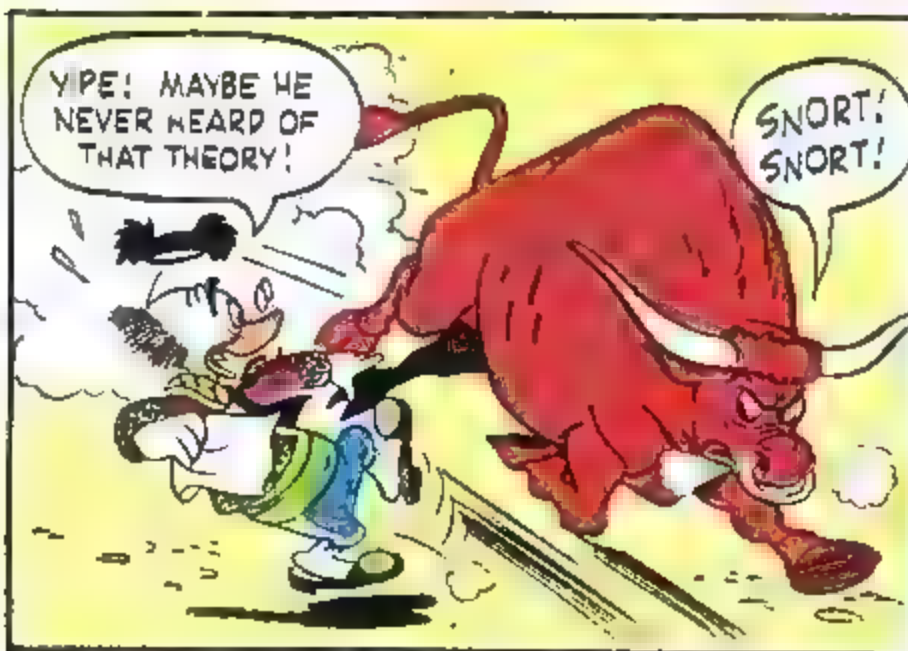
WHEEE! LUDWIG AS A MATADOR! WE CAN'T MISS THIS.

I KNEW THINGS WOULD BE EXCITING WITH HIM ALONG!



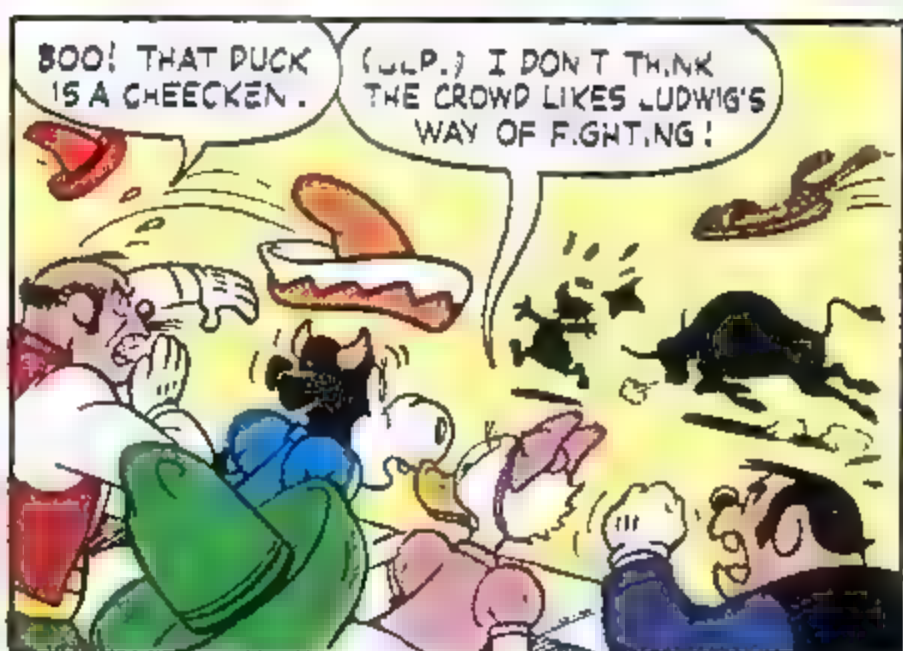
SHORTLY...

I WON'T USE A RED CAPE, IT JUST MAKES BULLS MAD! I'LL USE MY NICE PALE HANKY THAT WILL CALM THE BULL DOWN! THAT'S THE OLD VON DRAKE THEORY!



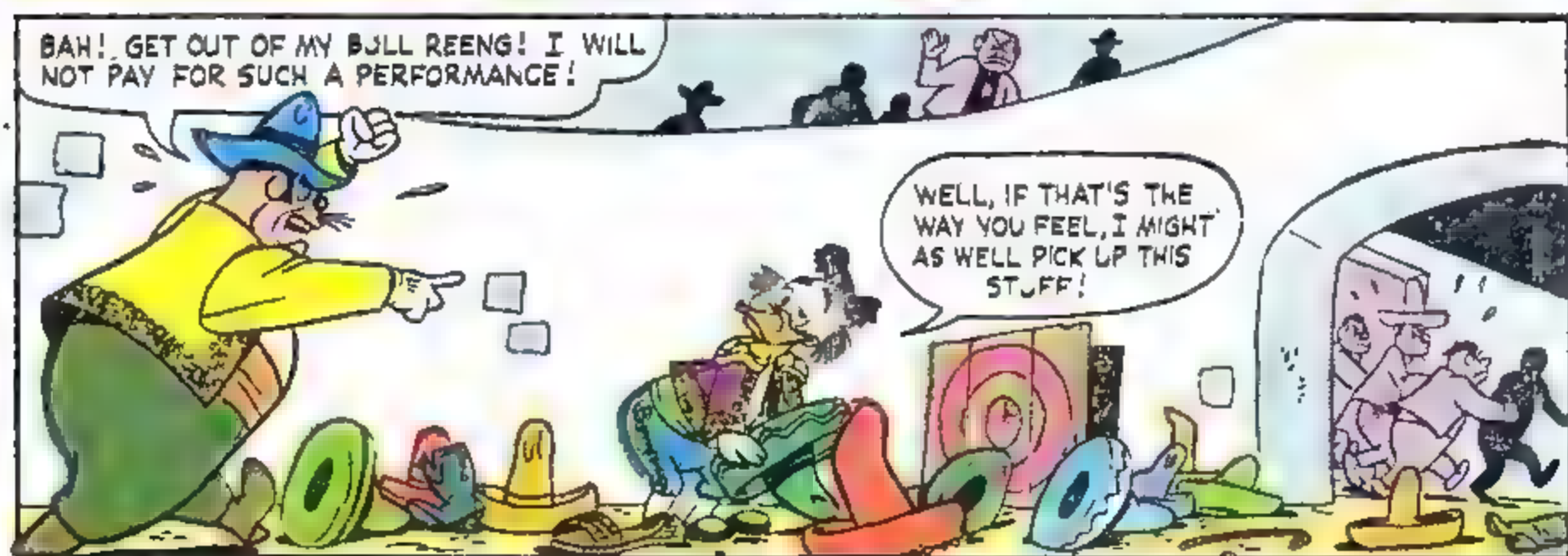
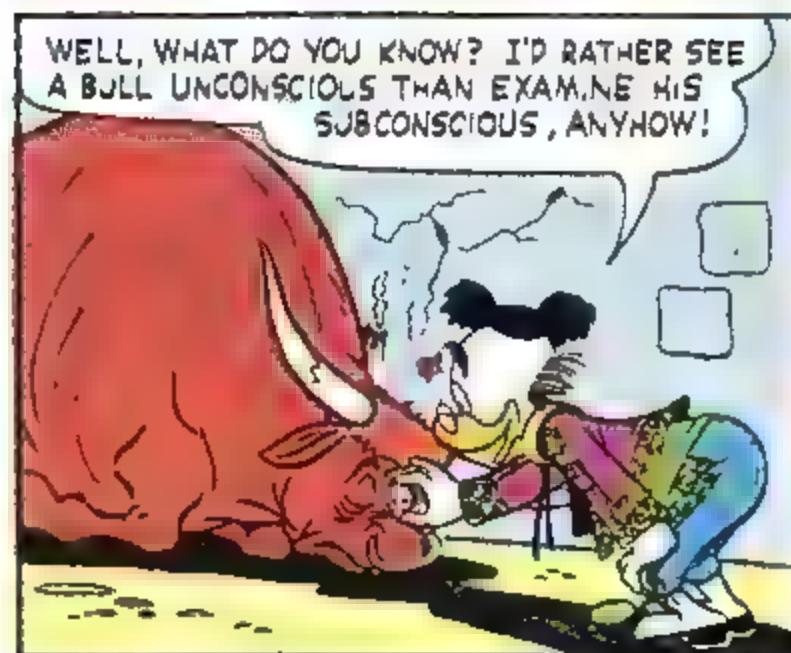
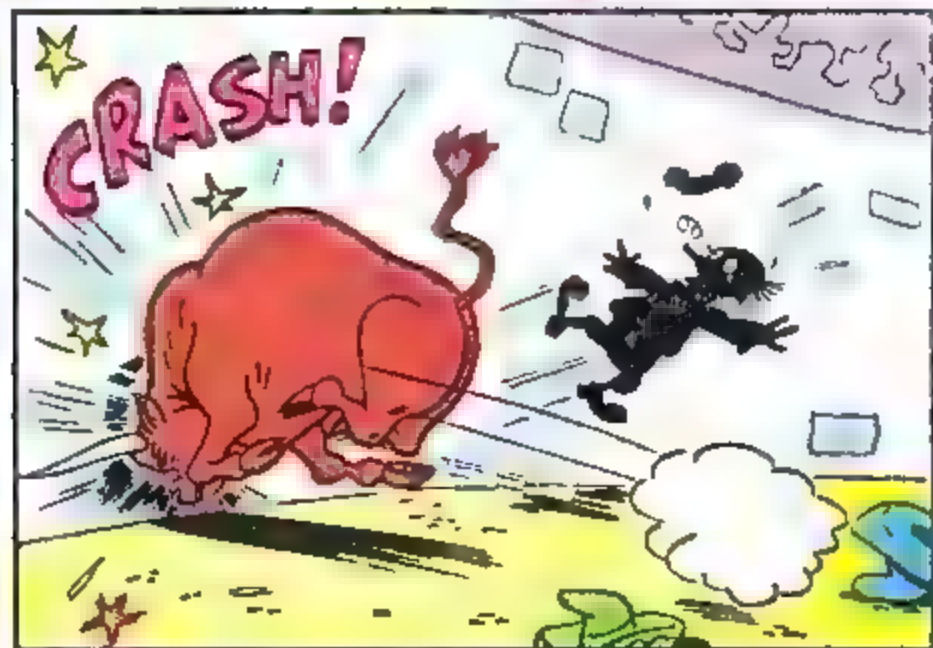
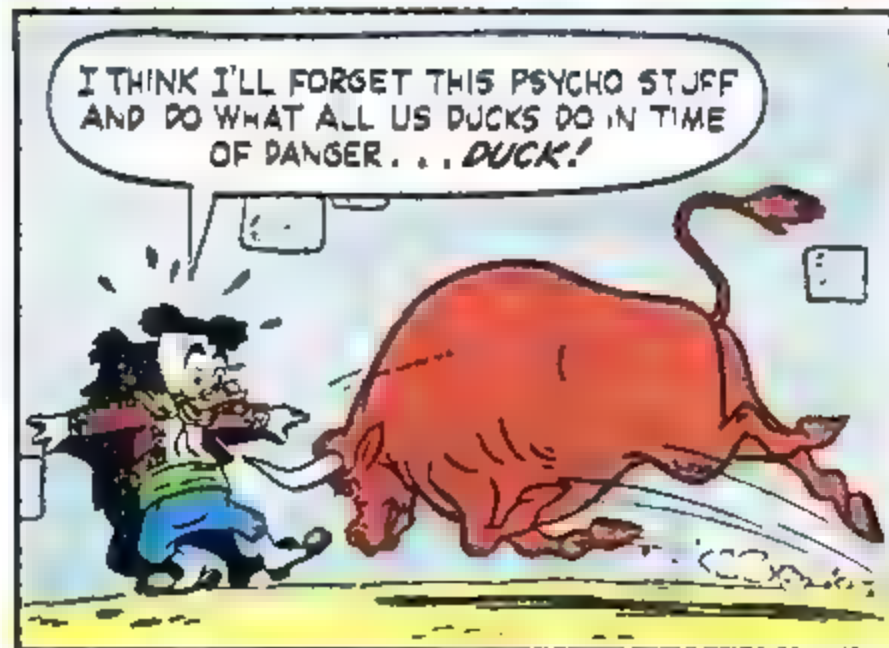
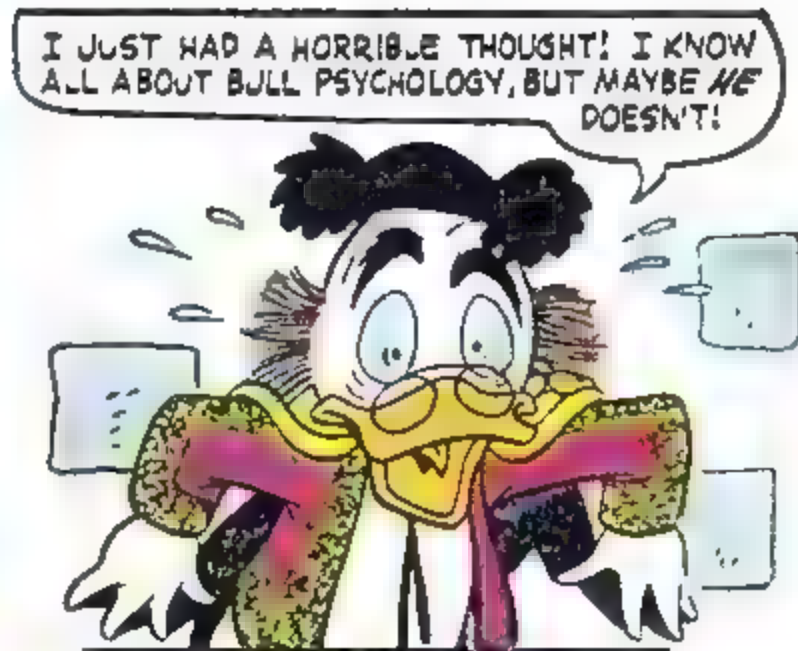
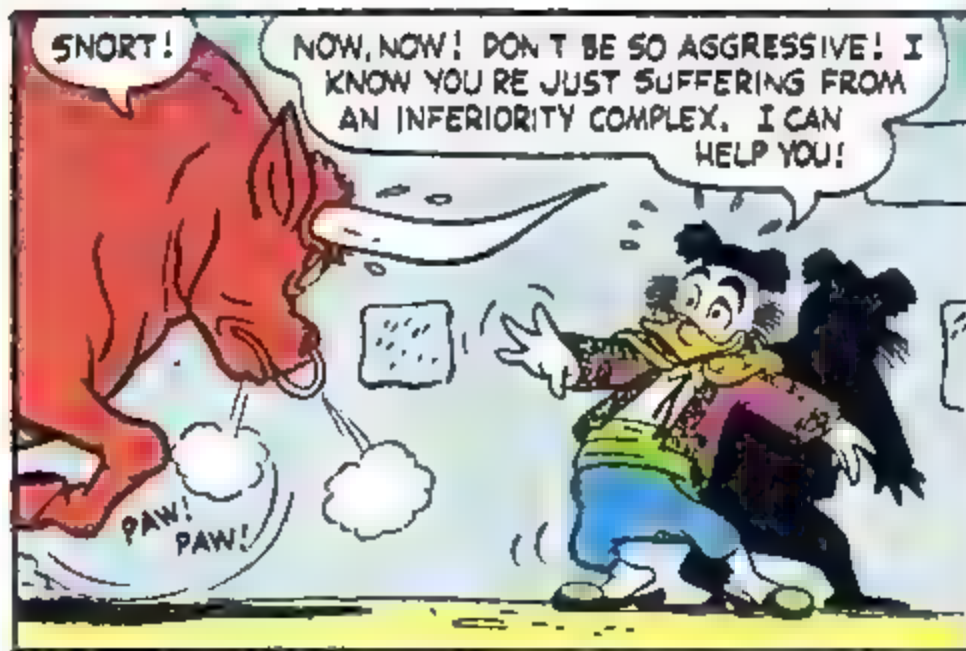
YIPE! MAYBE HE NEVER HEARD OF THAT THEORY!

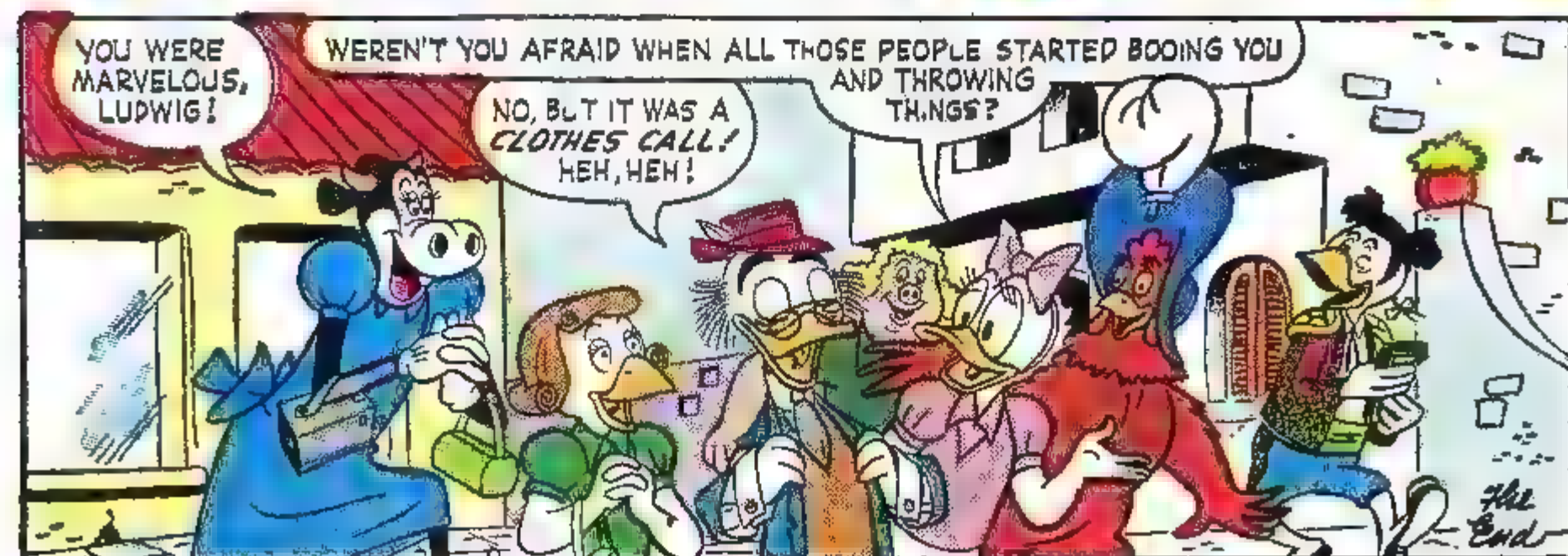
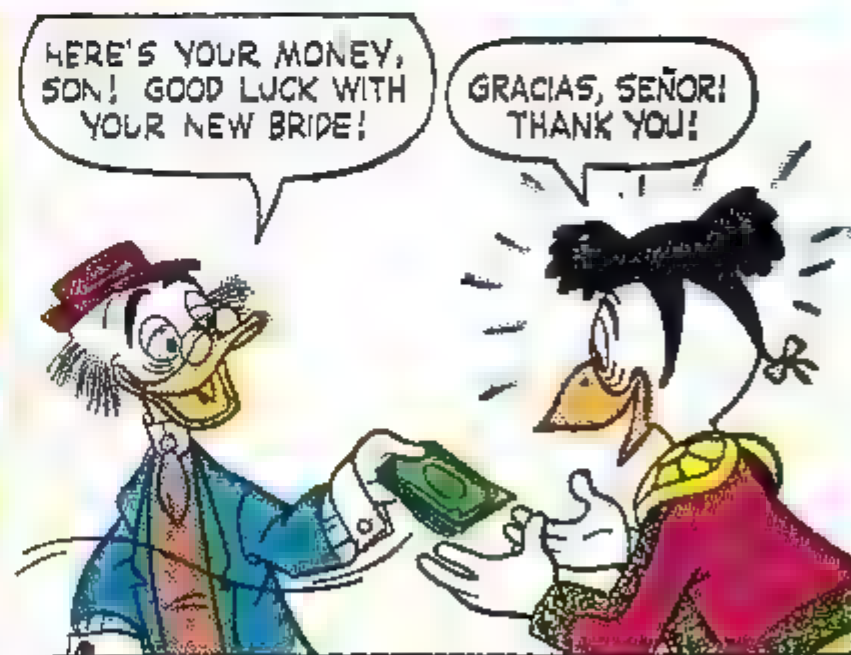
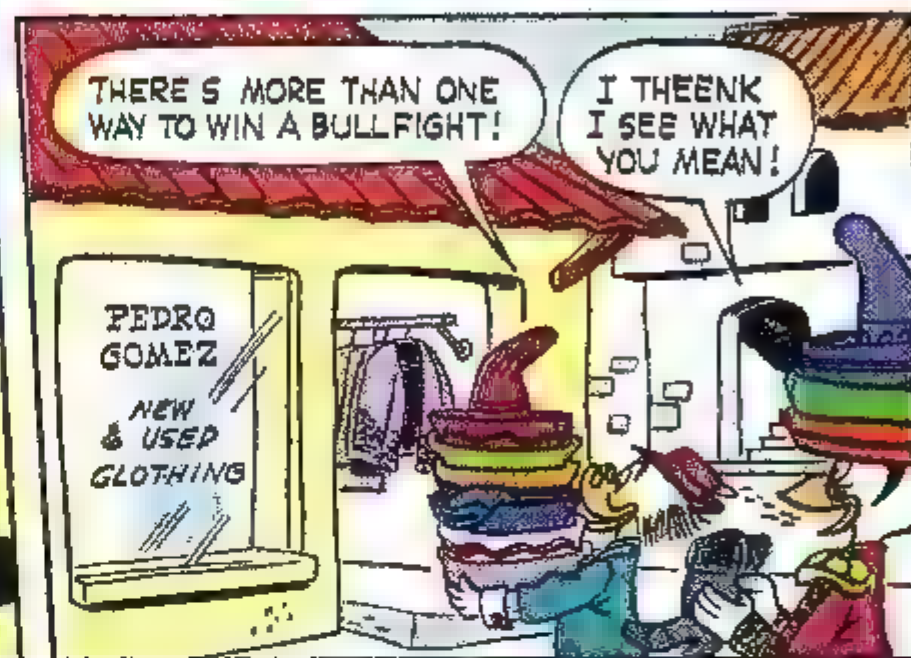
SNORT! SNORT!



BOO! THAT DUCK IS A CEECKEN.

(GASP.) I DON'T THINK THE CROWD LIKES LUDWIG'S WAY OF FIGHTING!

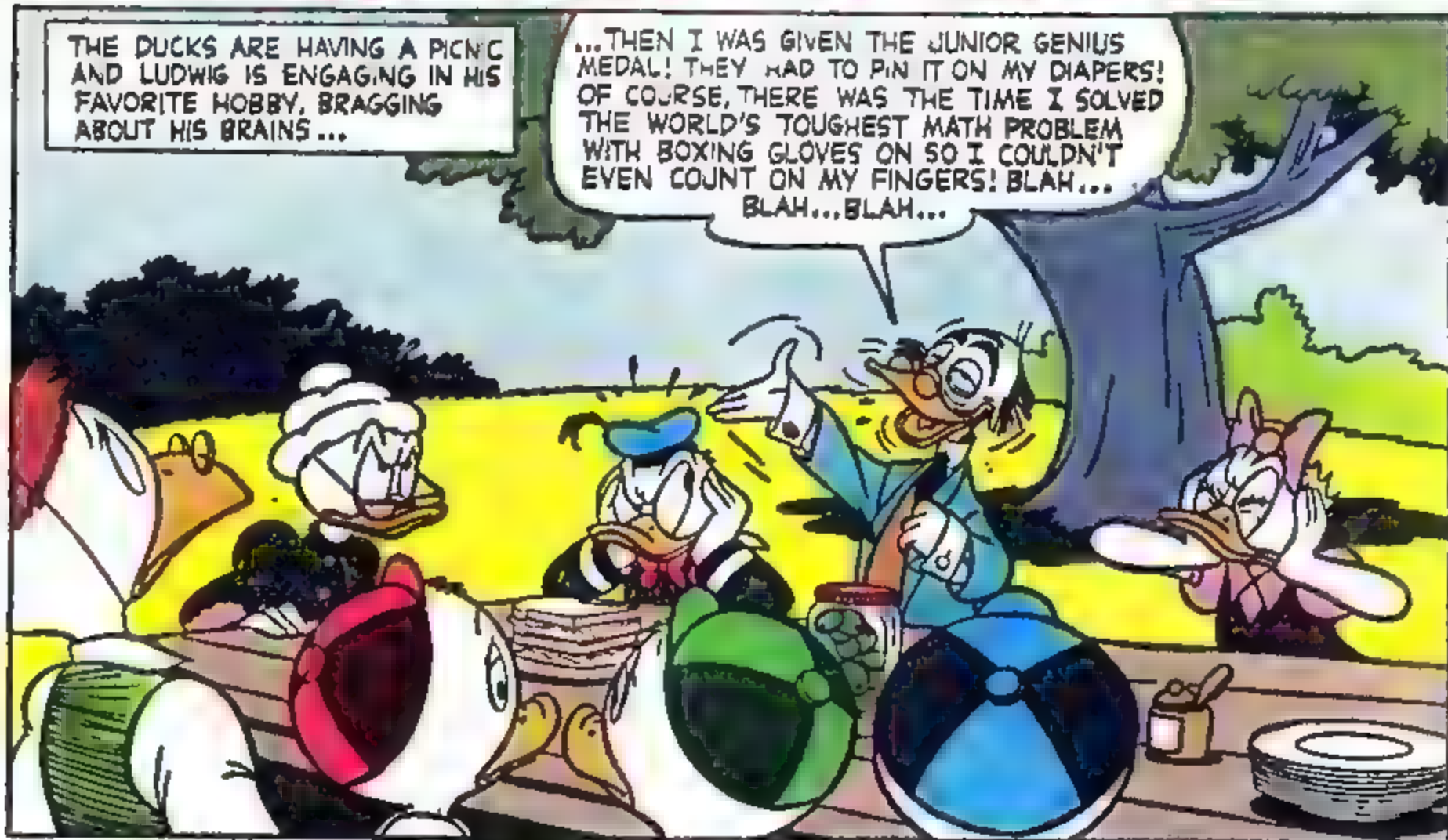




Walt Disney's **LUDWIG VON DRAKE**
A LESSON IN SPACE

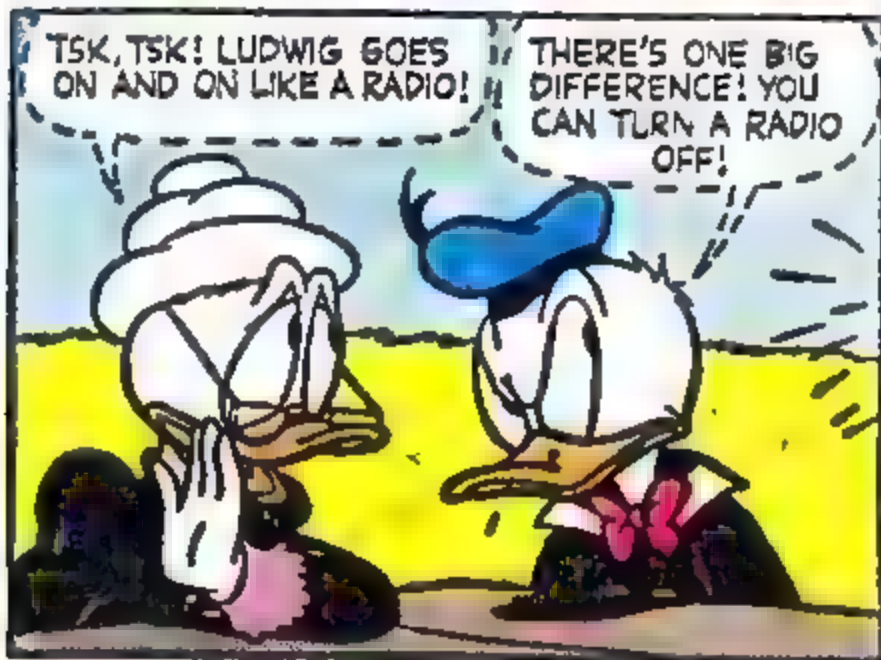
THE DUCKS ARE HAVING A PICNIC AND LUDWIG IS ENGAGING IN HIS FAVORITE HOBBY, BRAGGING ABOUT HIS BRAINS...

...THEN I WAS GIVEN THE JUNIOR GENIUS MEDAL! THEY HAD TO PIN IT ON MY DIAPERS! OF COURSE, THERE WAS THE TIME I SOLVED THE WORLD'S TOUGHEST MATH PROBLEM WITH BOXING GLOVES ON SO I COULDN'T EVEN COUNT ON MY FINGERS! BLAH... BLAH... BLAH...



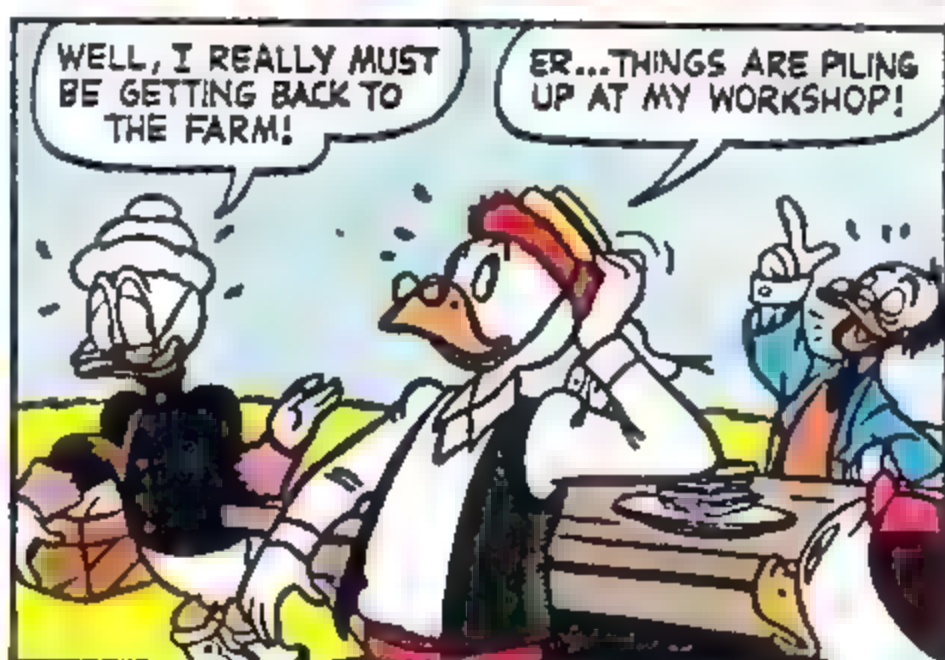
TSK, TSK! LUDWIG GOES ON AND ON LIKE A RADIO!

THERE'S ONE BIG DIFFERENCE! YOU CAN TURN A RADIO OFF!



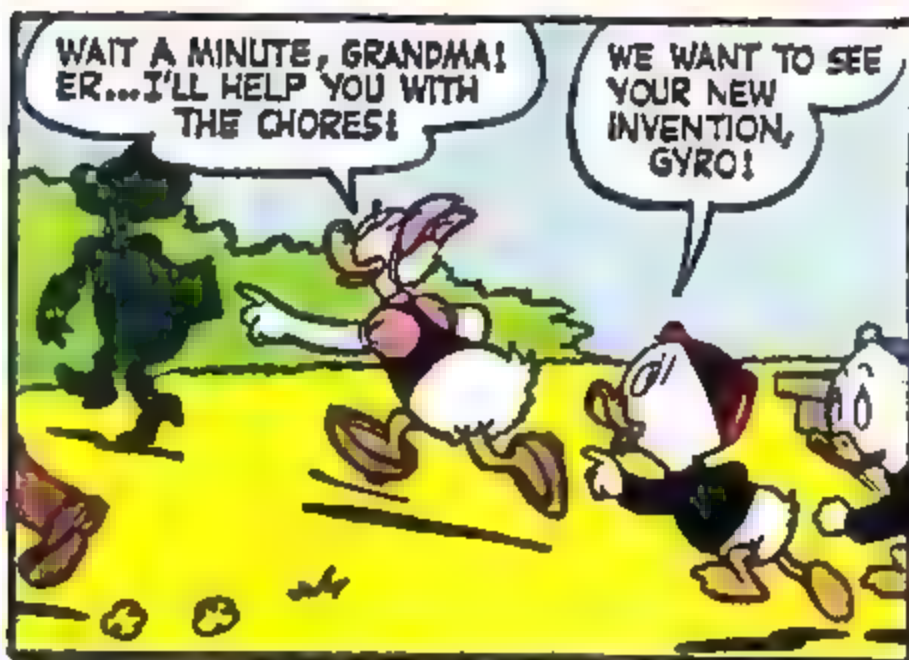
WELL, I REALLY MUST BE GETTING BACK TO THE FARM!

ER...THINGS ARE PILING UP AT MY WORKSHOP!



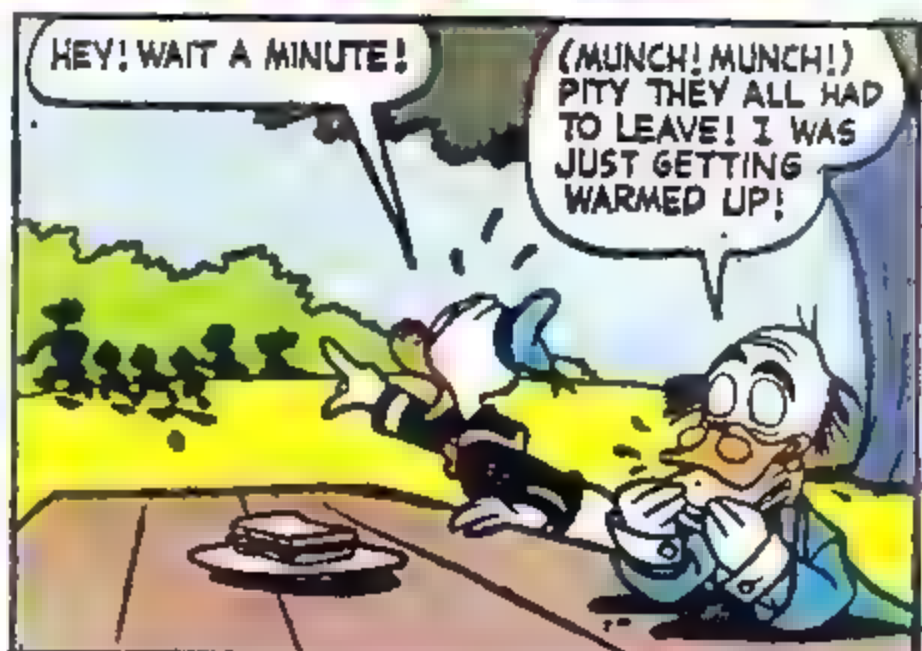
WAIT A MINUTE, GRANDMA! ER...I'LL HELP YOU WITH THE CHORES!

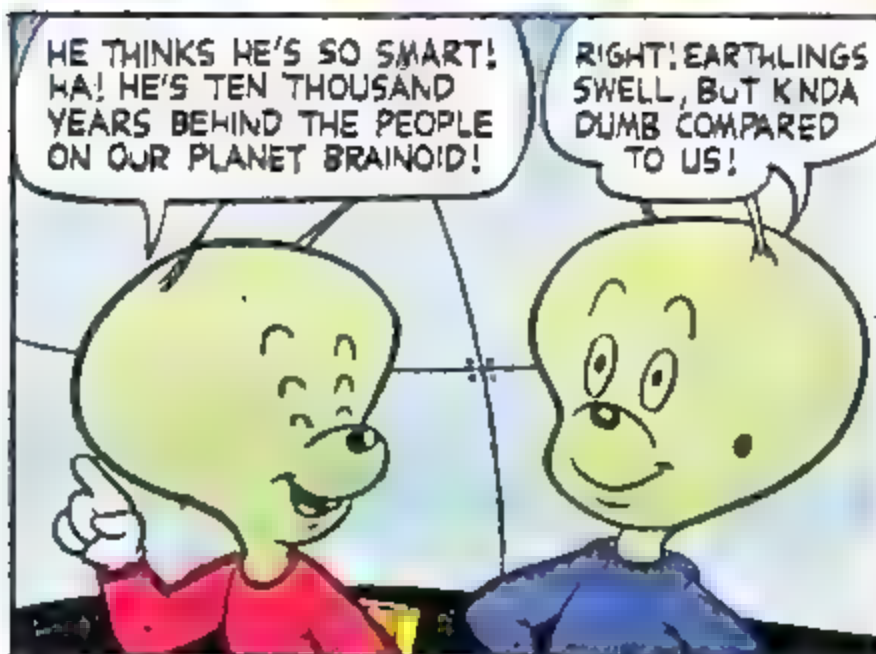
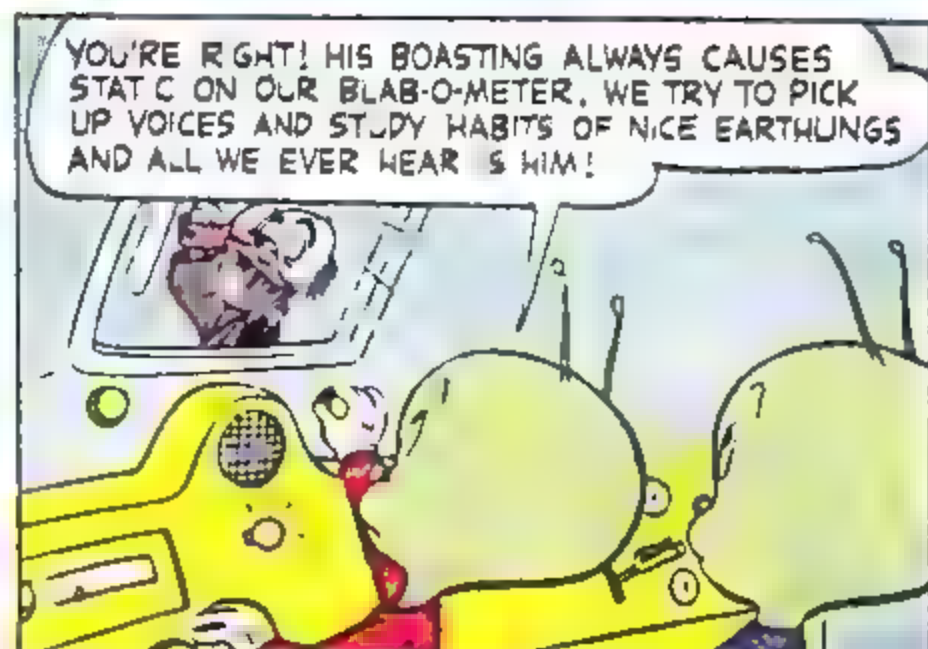
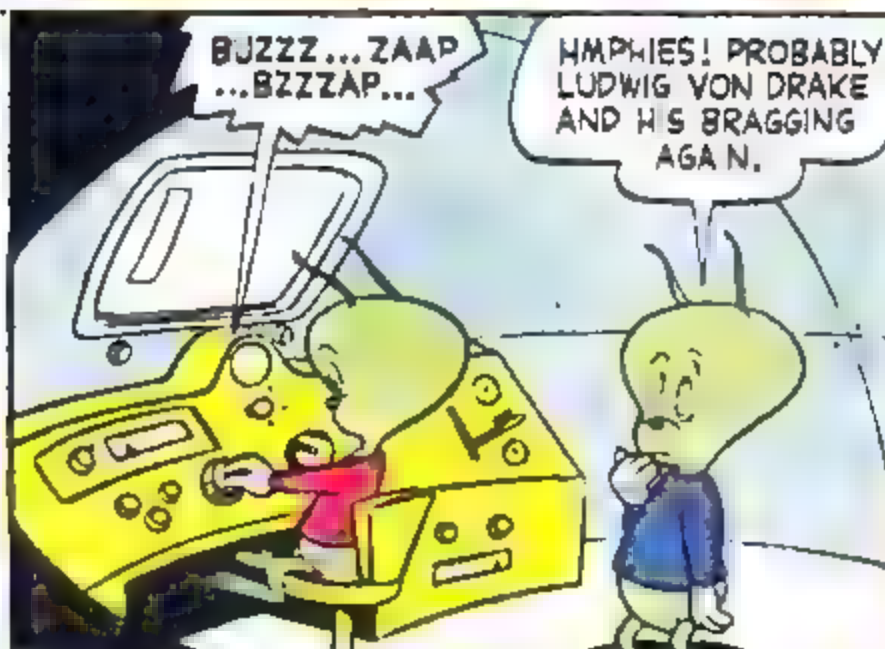
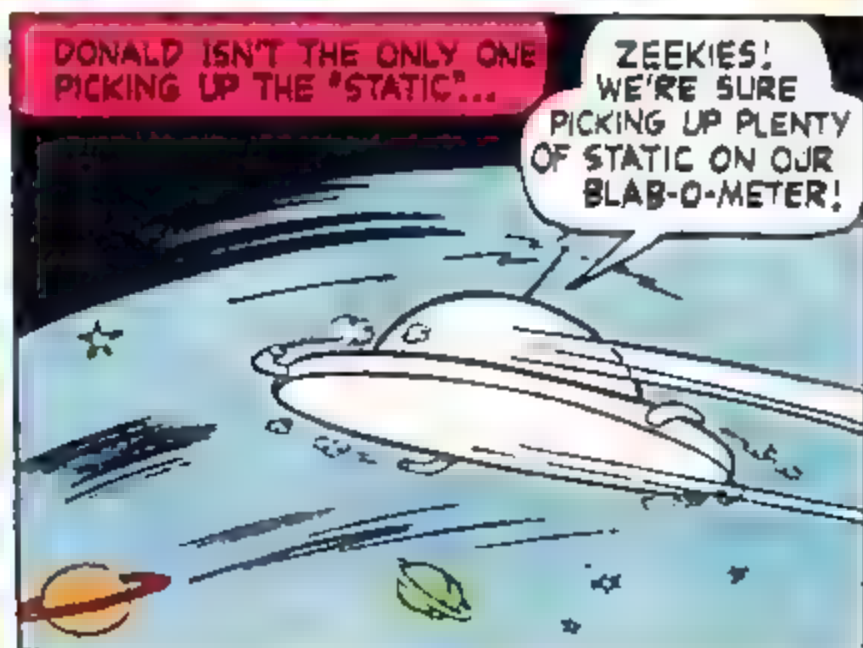
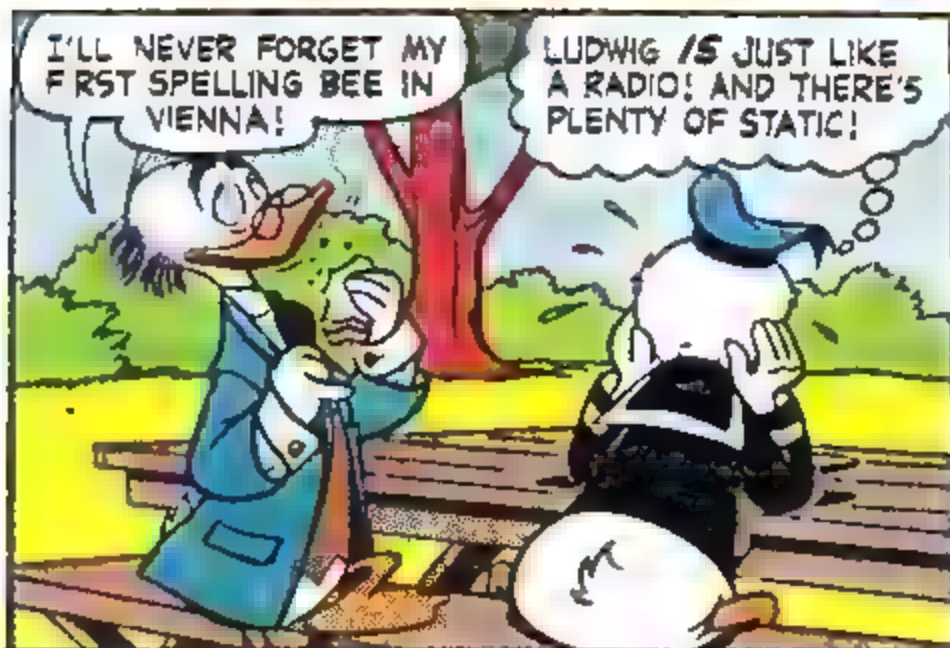
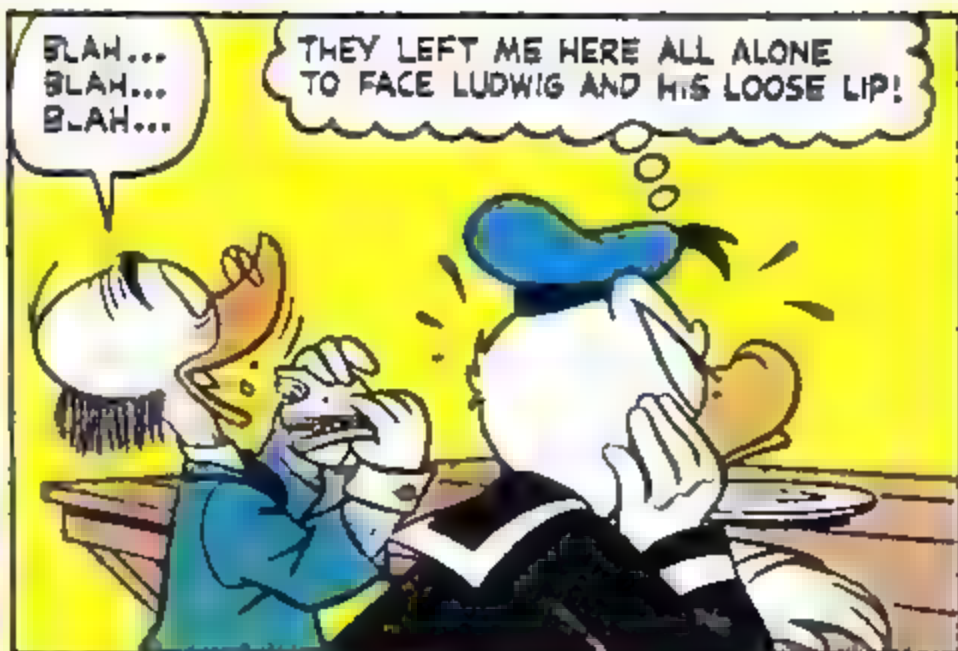
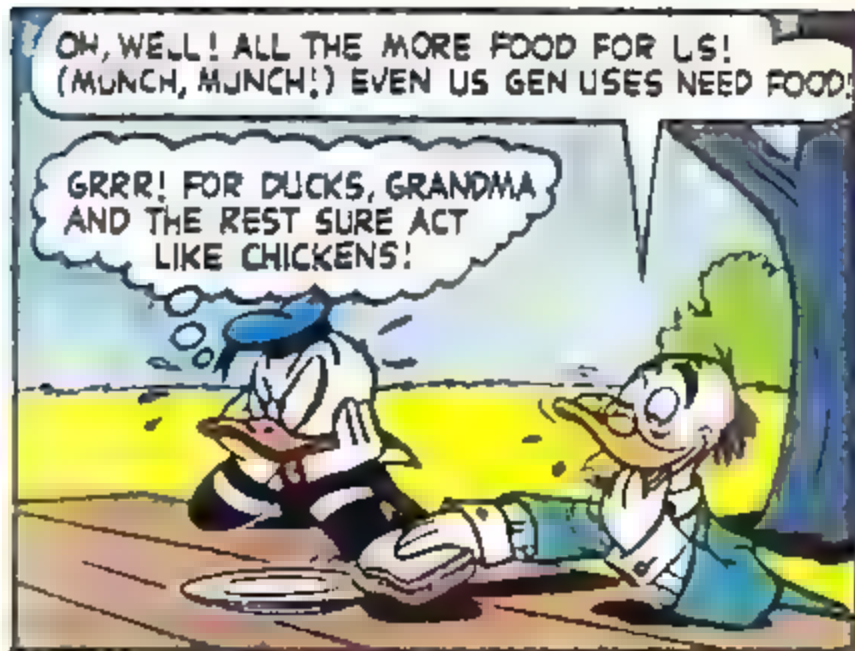
WE WANT TO SEE YOUR NEW INVENTION, GYRO!

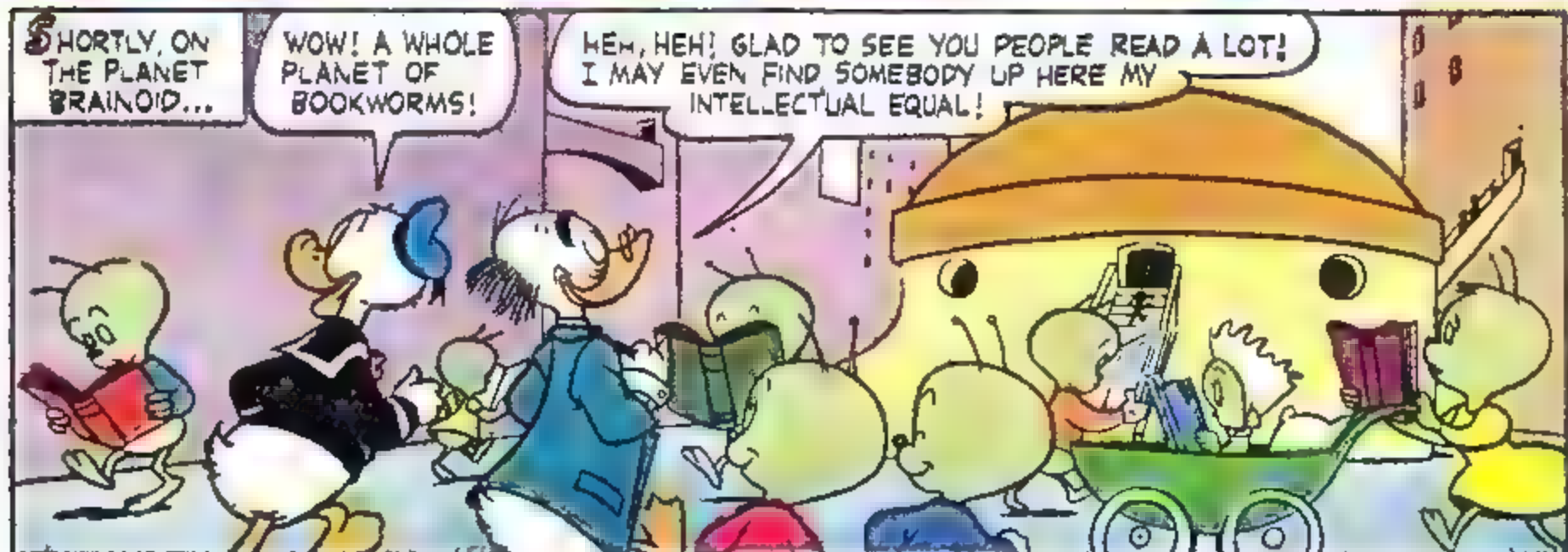
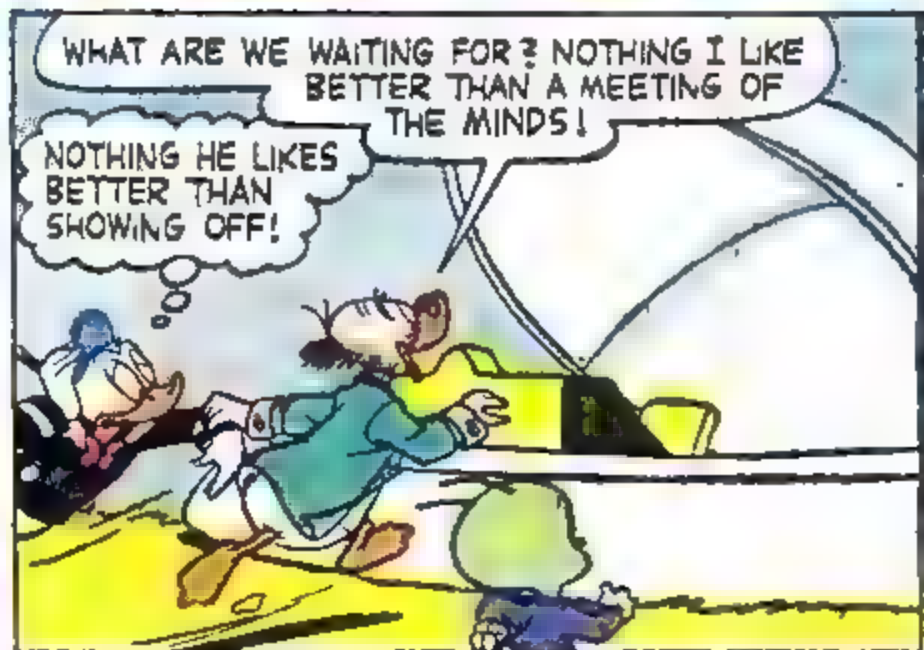
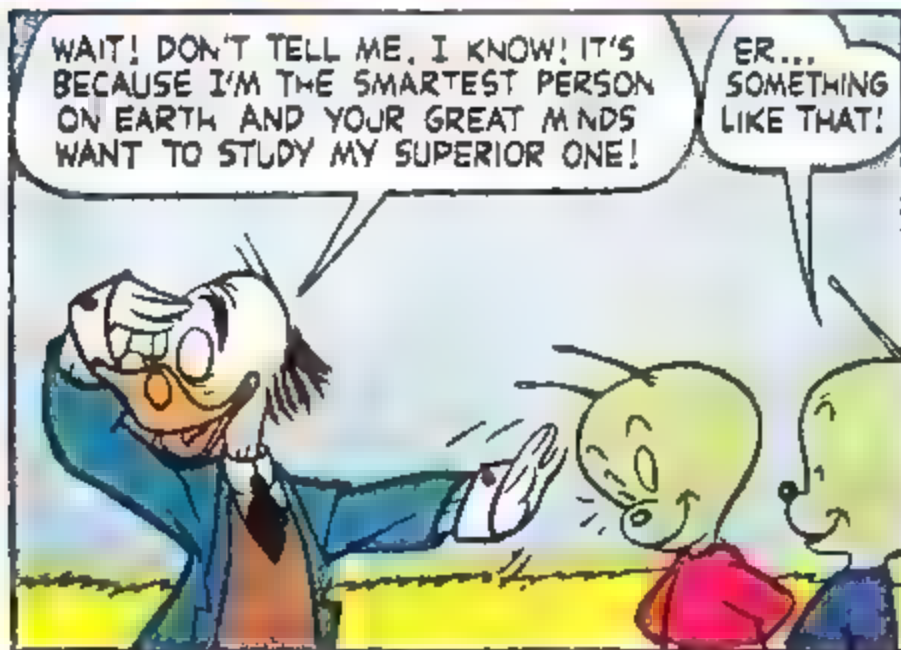
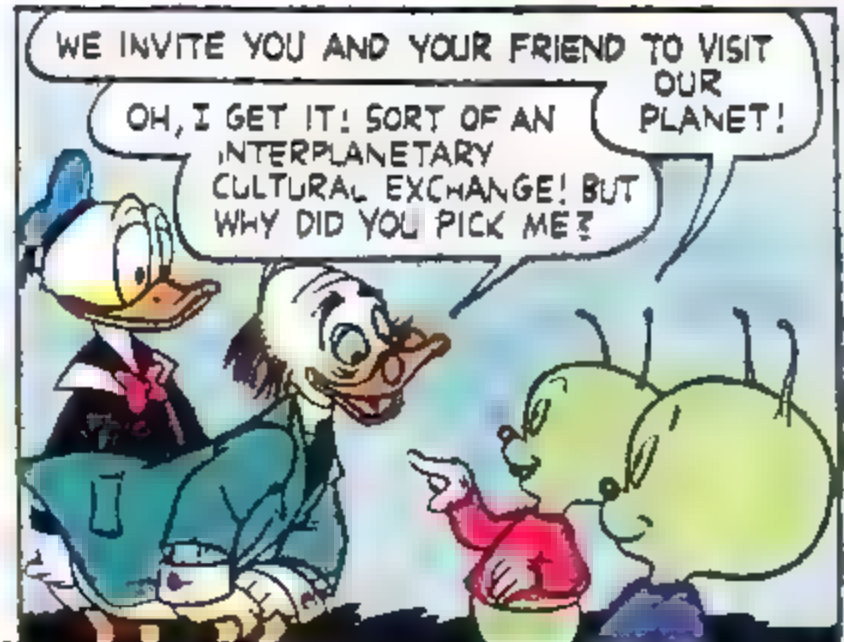
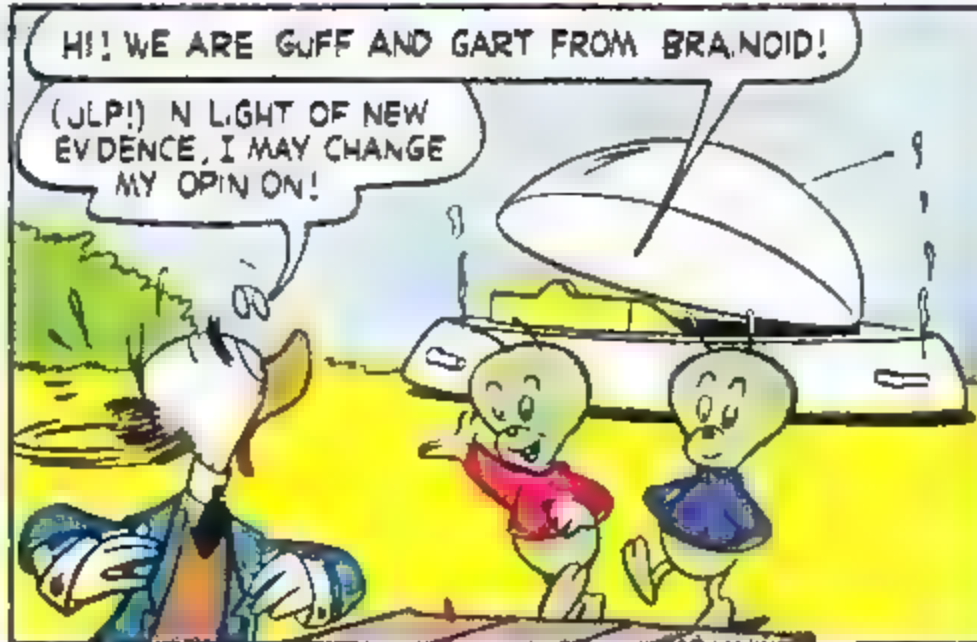
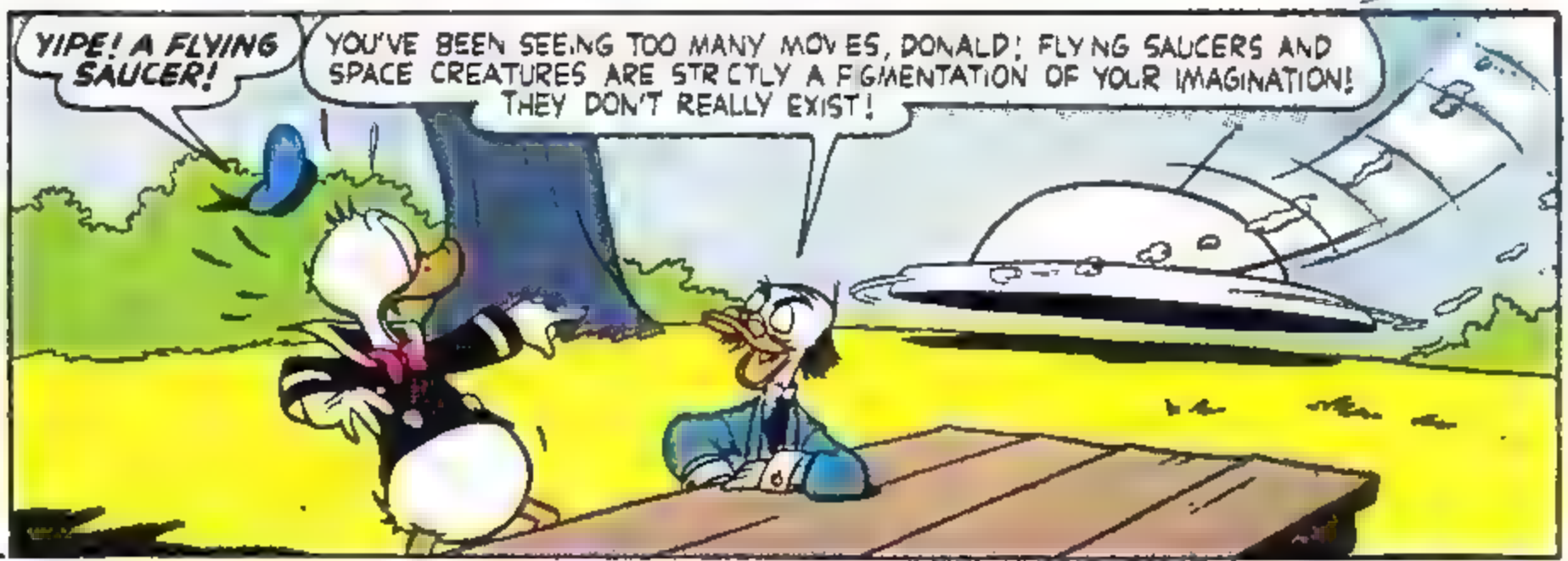


HEY! WAIT A MINUTE!

(MUNCH! MUNCH!) PITY THEY ALL HAD TO LEAVE! I WAS JUST GETTING WARMED UP!



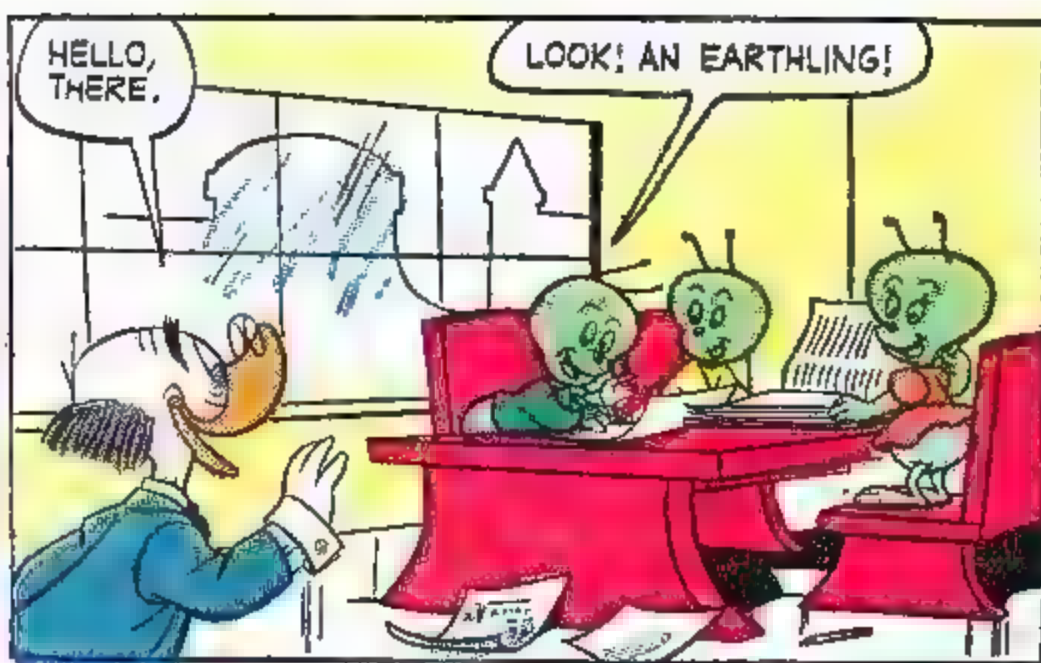






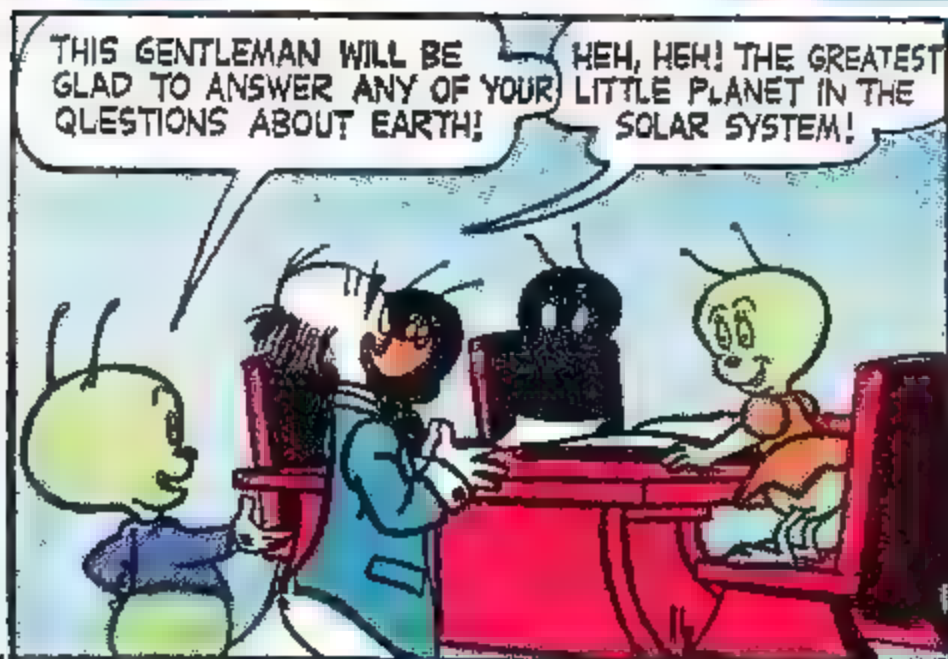
COME IN HERE, SIR! WE'LL SHOW YOU THE GROUP WE WANTED YOU TO MEET!

SPLENDID!
SPLEND D.



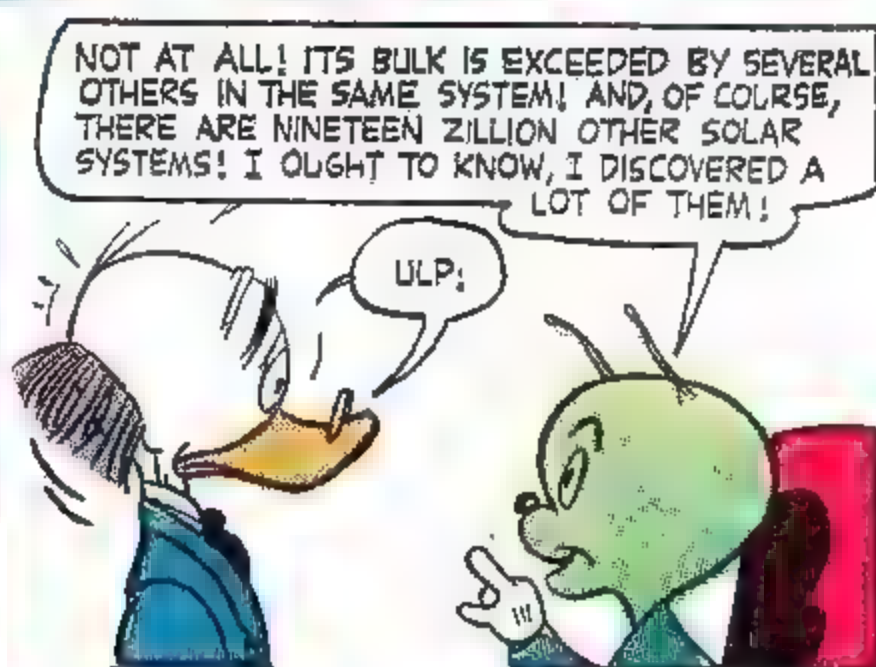
HELLO,
THERE.

LOOK! AN EARTHLING!



THIS GENTLEMAN WILL BE
GLAD TO ANSWER ANY OF YOUR
QUESTIONS ABOUT EARTH!

HEH, HEH! THE GREATEST
LITTLE PLANET IN THE
SOLAR SYSTEM!



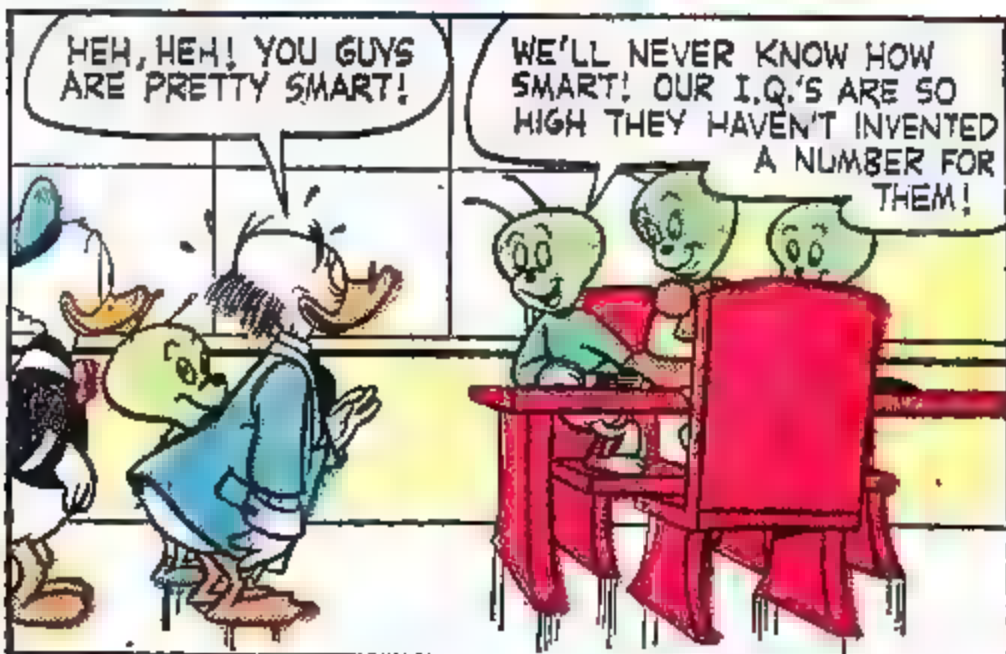
NOT AT ALL! ITS BULK IS EXCEEDED BY SEVERAL
OTHERS IN THE SAME SYSTEM! AND, OF COURSE,
THERE ARE NINETEEN ZILLION OTHER SOLAR
SYSTEMS! I OUGHT TO KNOW, I DISCOVERED A
LOT OF THEM!

ULP!



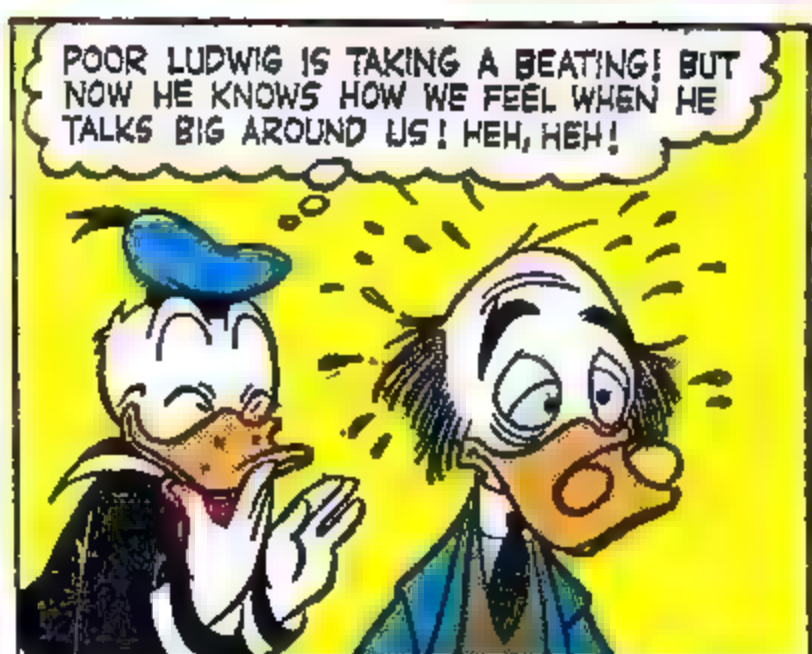
DID YOU KNOW THE PEOPLE ON THE PLANET NUMERO
SPEAK IN FIGURES? TELL THEM HOW THEY SAY
HELLO, GIZZ!

$6 \times 52 \frac{1}{2} = 45\% .9 \&$

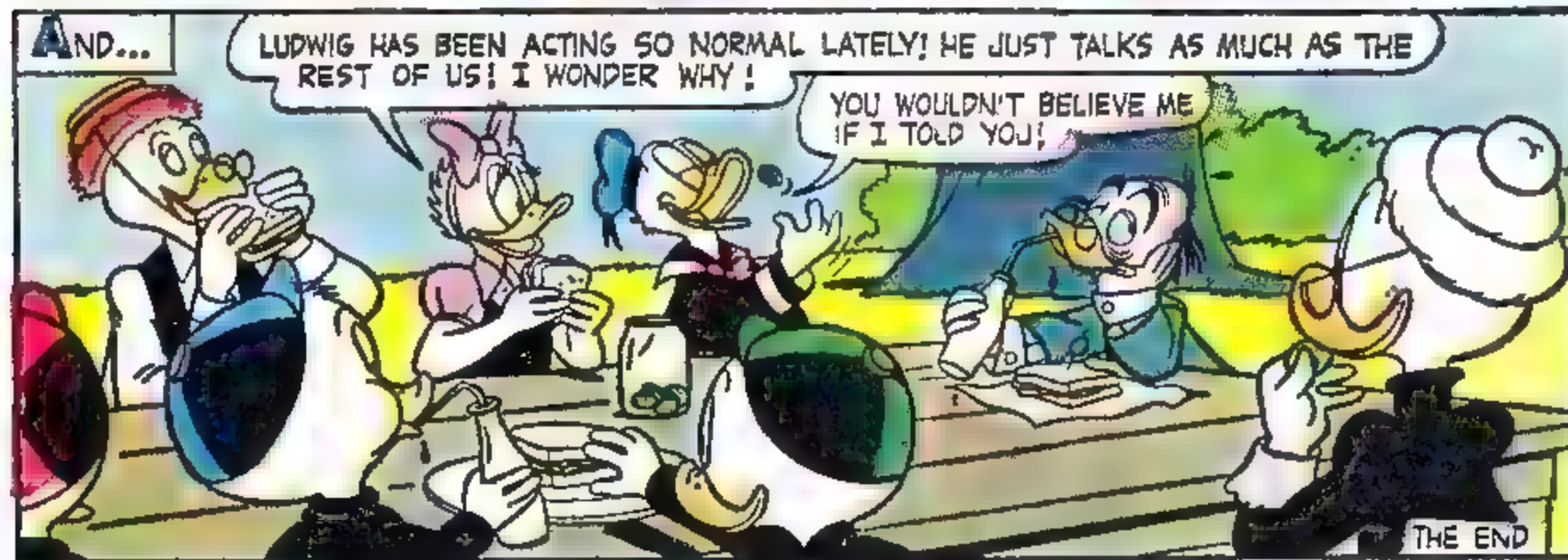
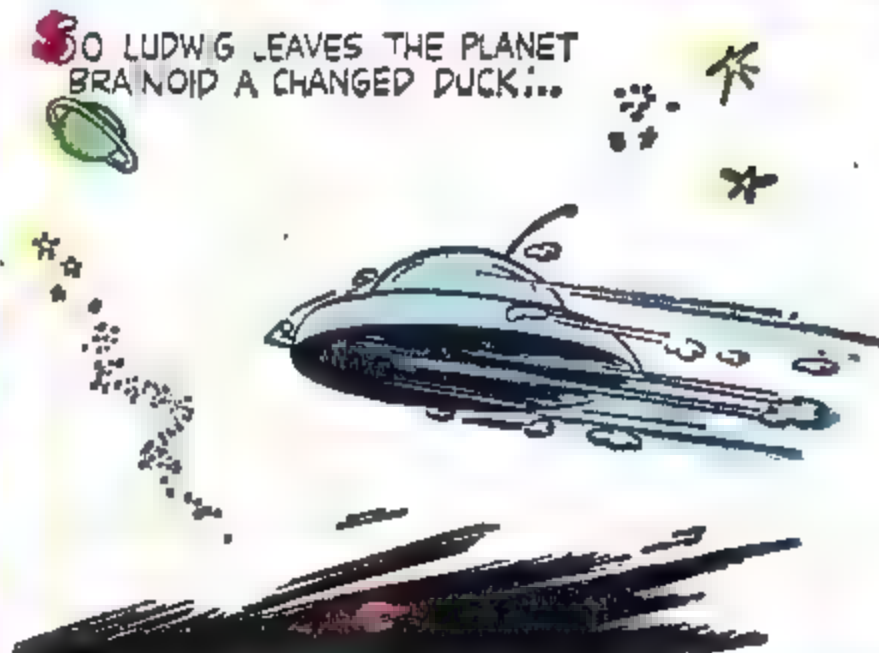
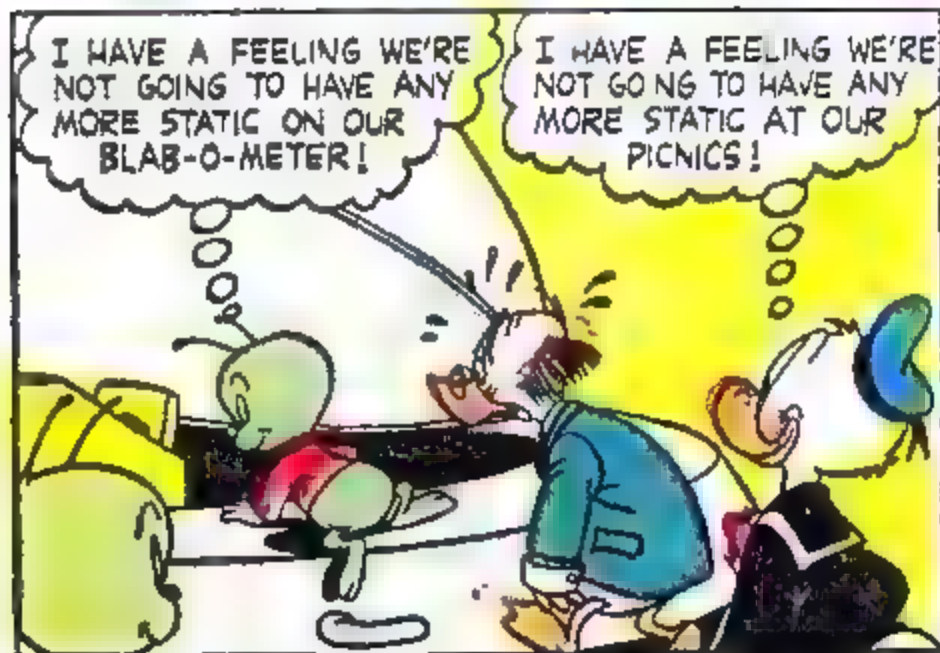
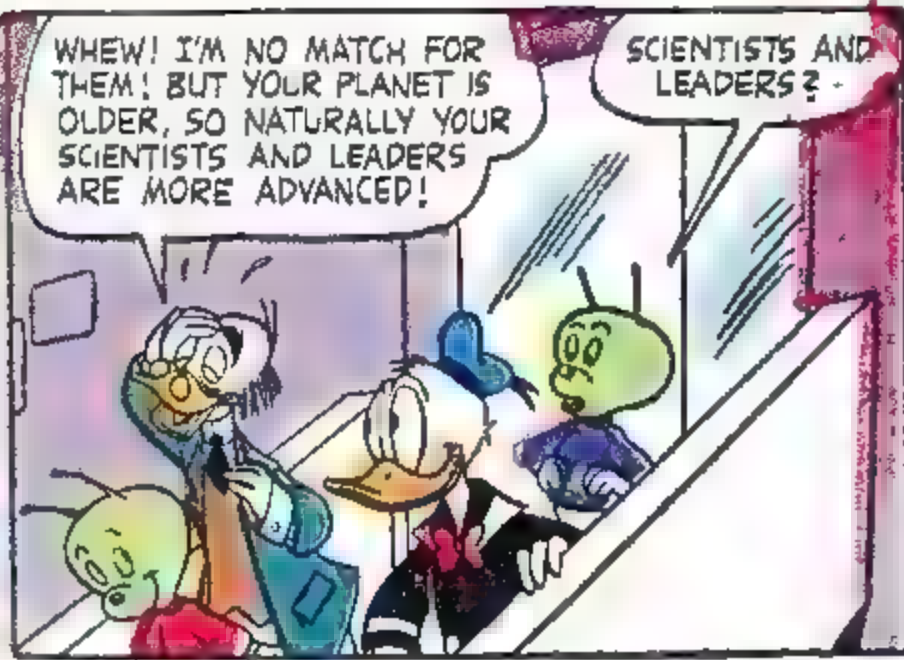
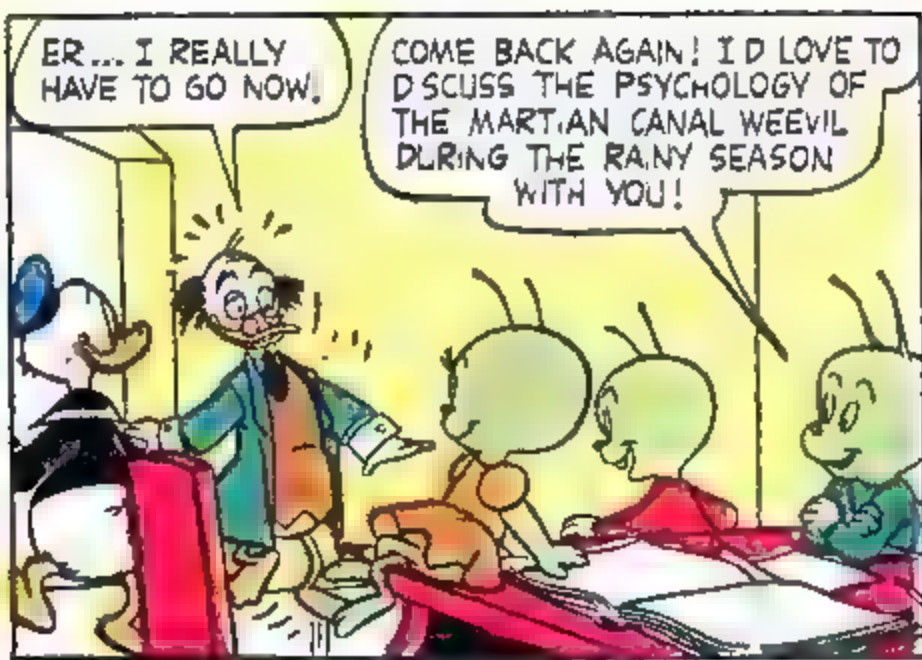


HEH, HEH! YOU GUYS
ARE PRETTY SMART!

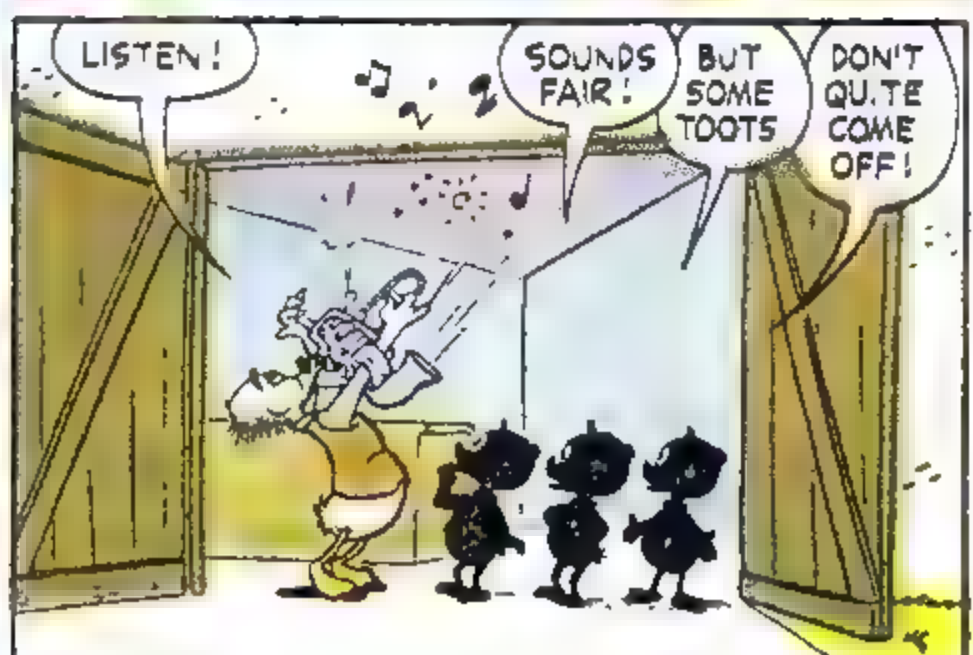
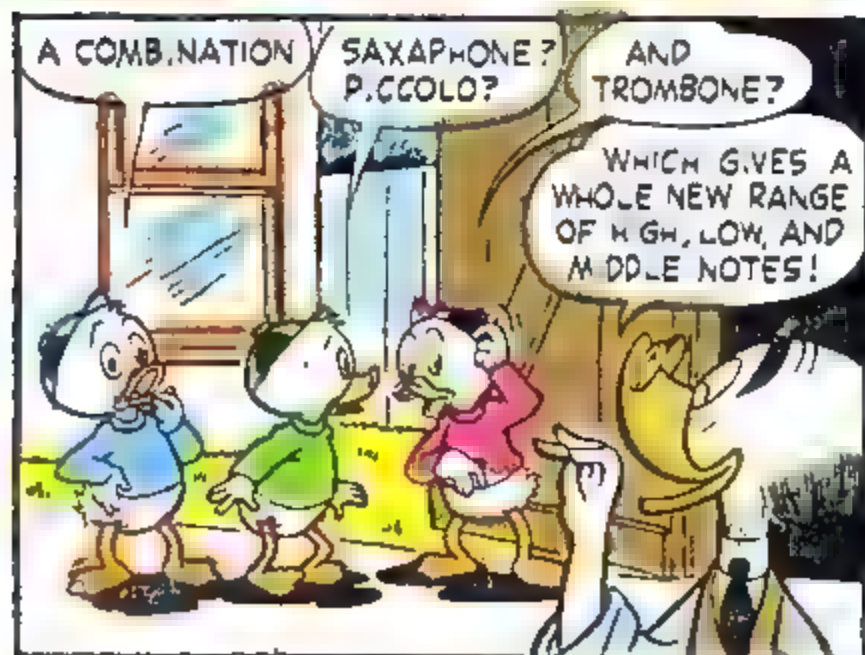
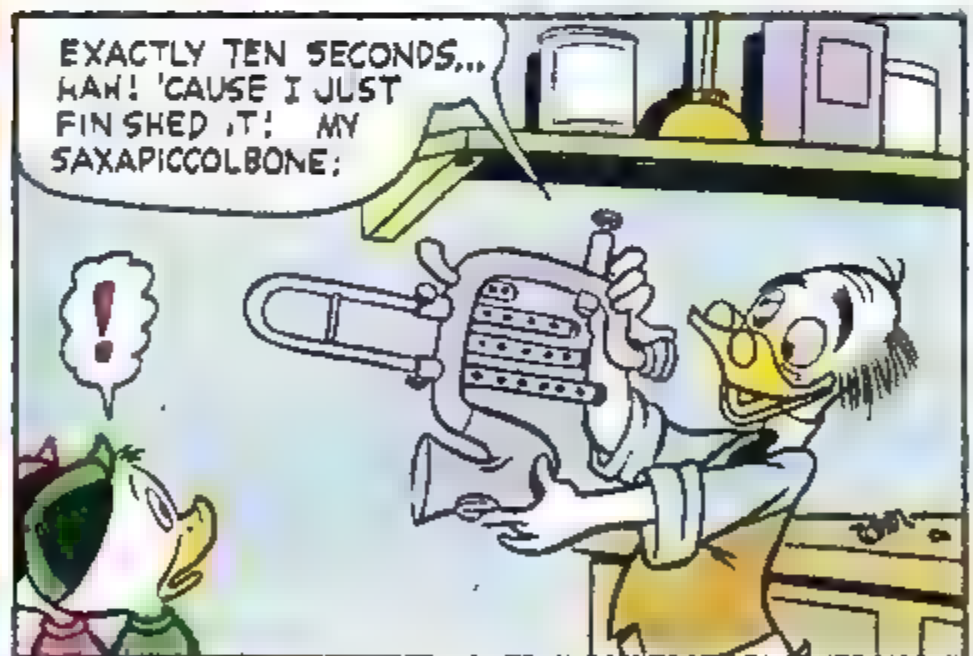
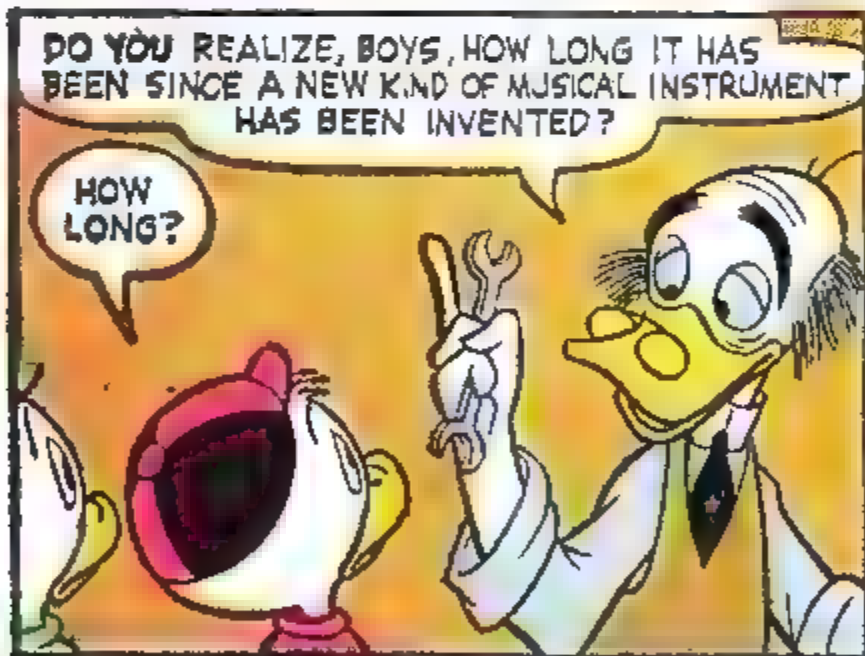
WE'LL NEVER KNOW HOW
SMART! OUR I.Q.'S ARE SO
HIGH THEY HAVEN'T INVENTED
A NUMBER FOR
THEM!

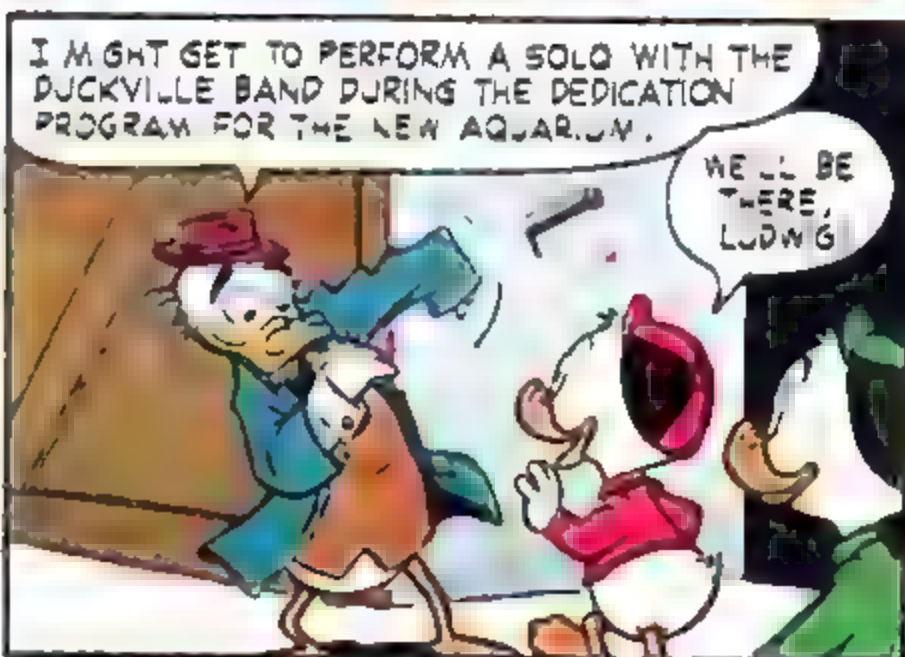
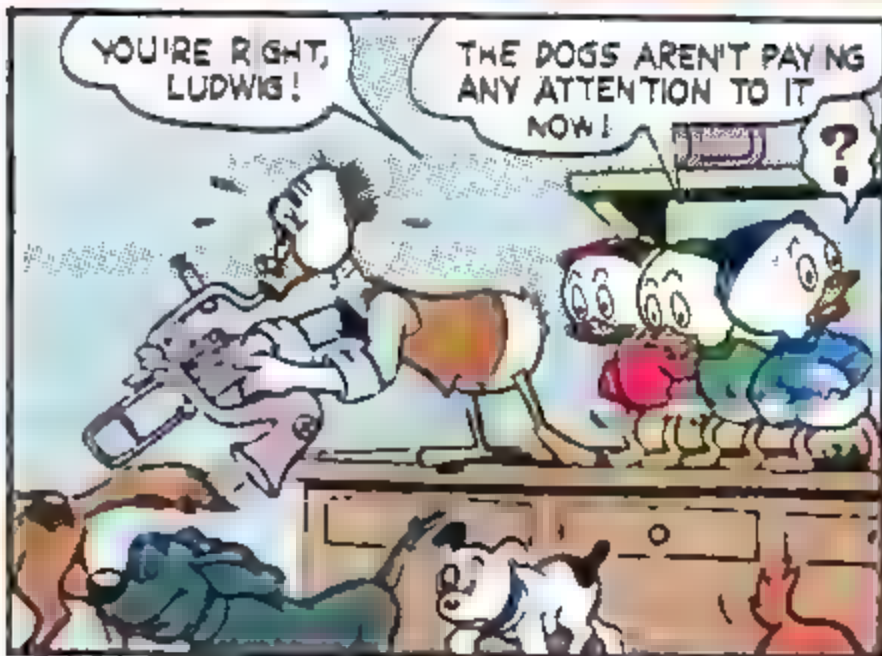
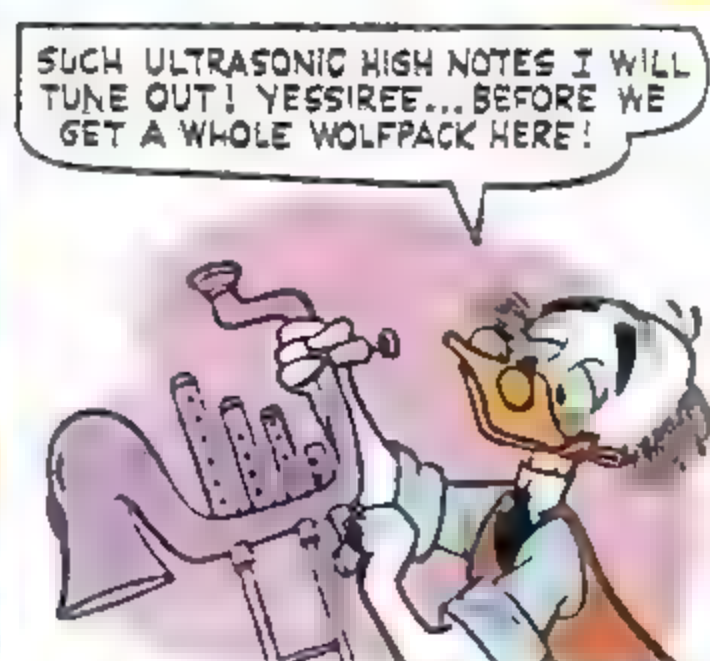
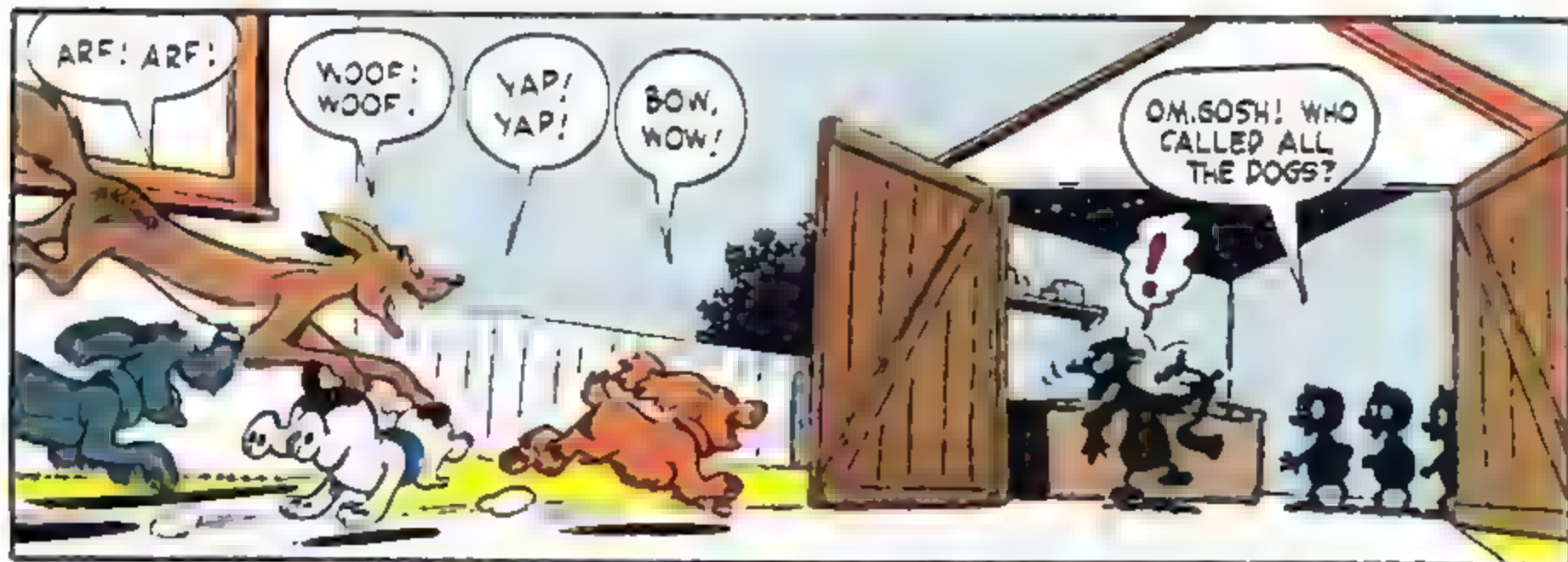


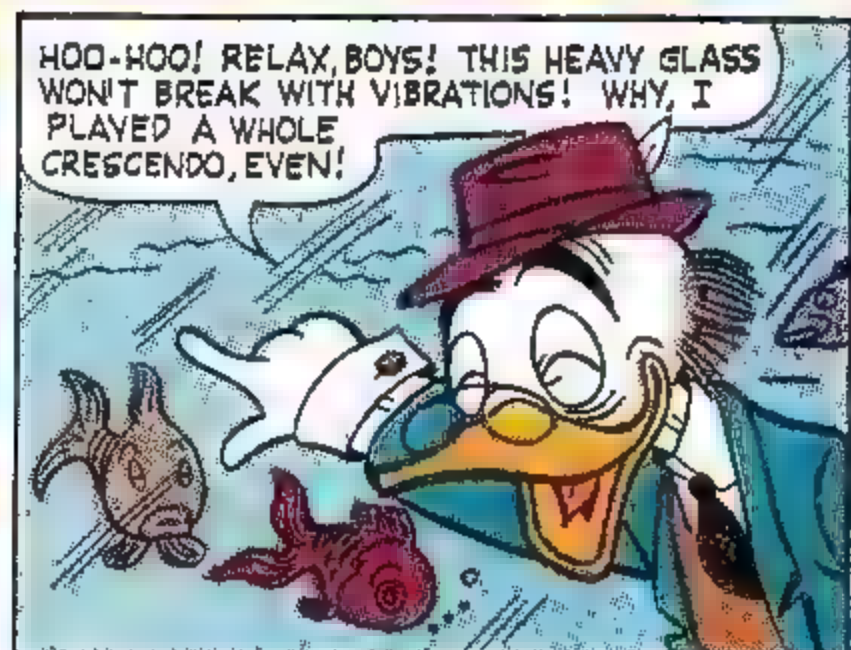
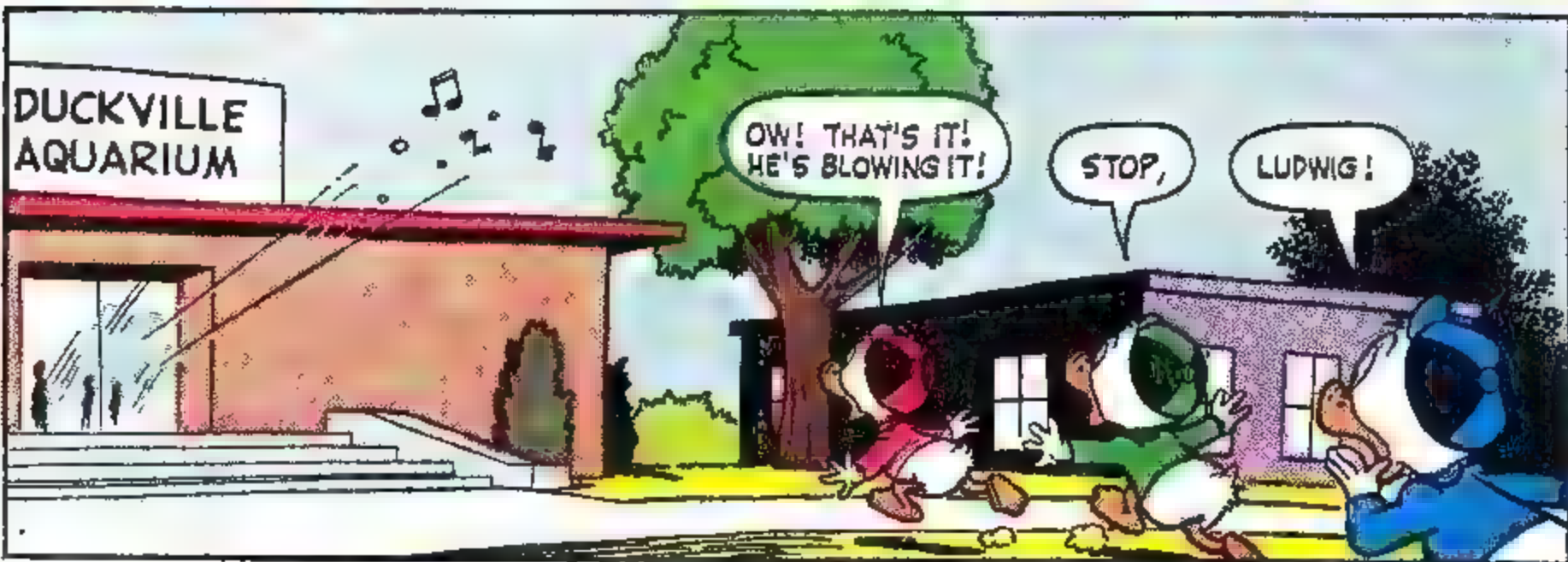
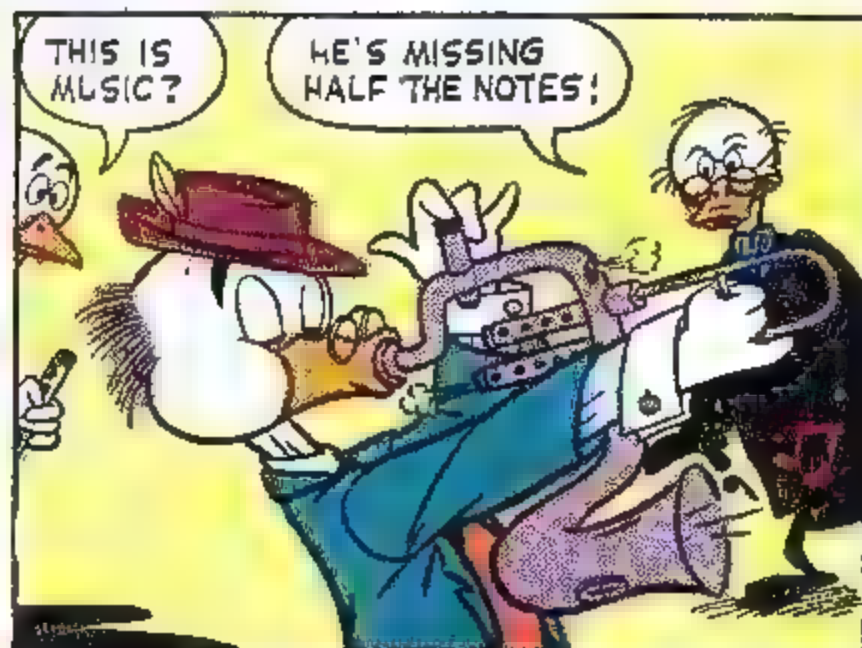
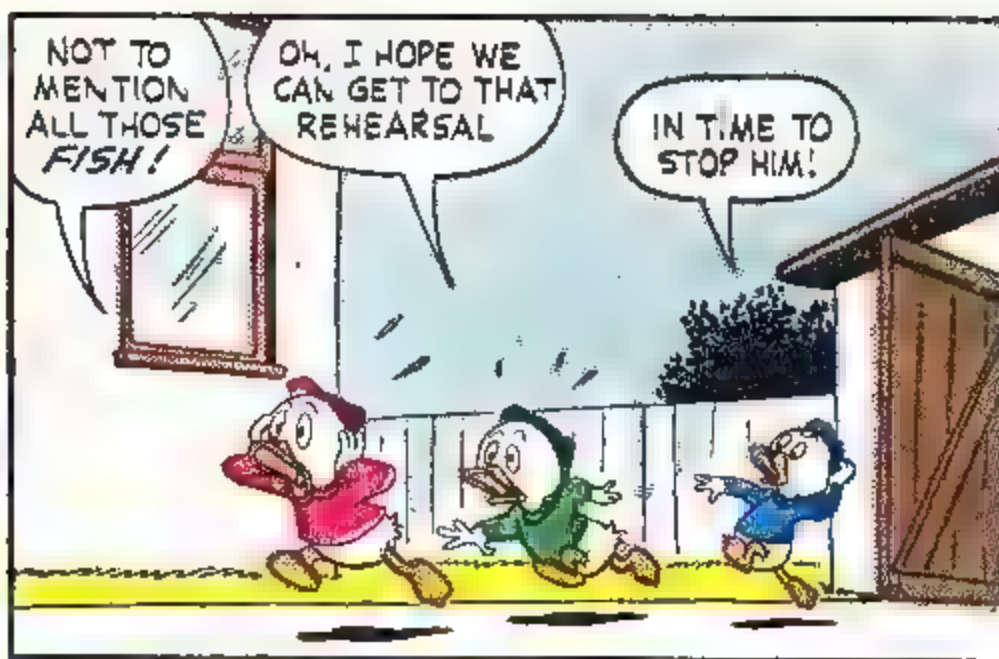
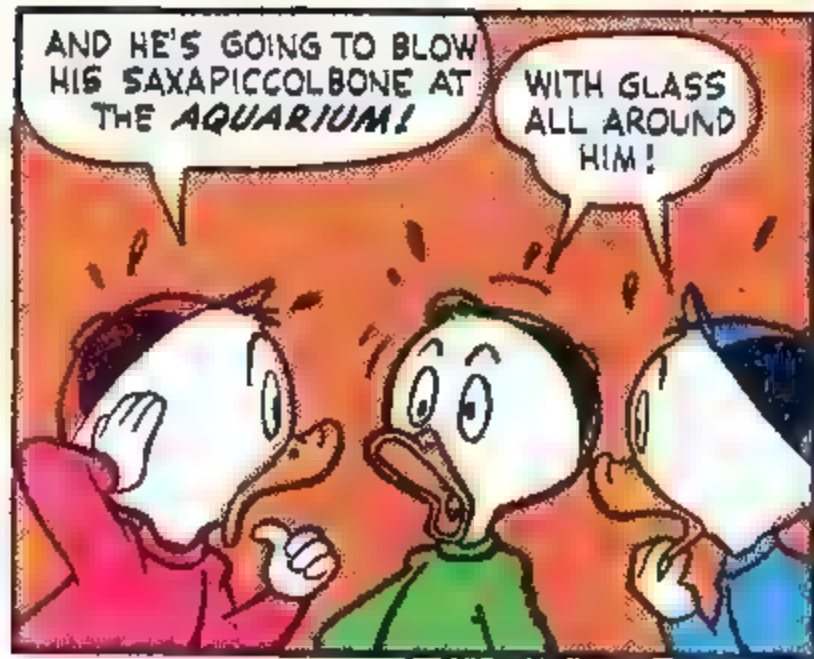
POOR LUDWIG IS TAKING A BEATING! BUT
NOW HE KNOWS HOW WE FEEL WHEN HE
TALKS BIG AROUND US! HEH, HEH!

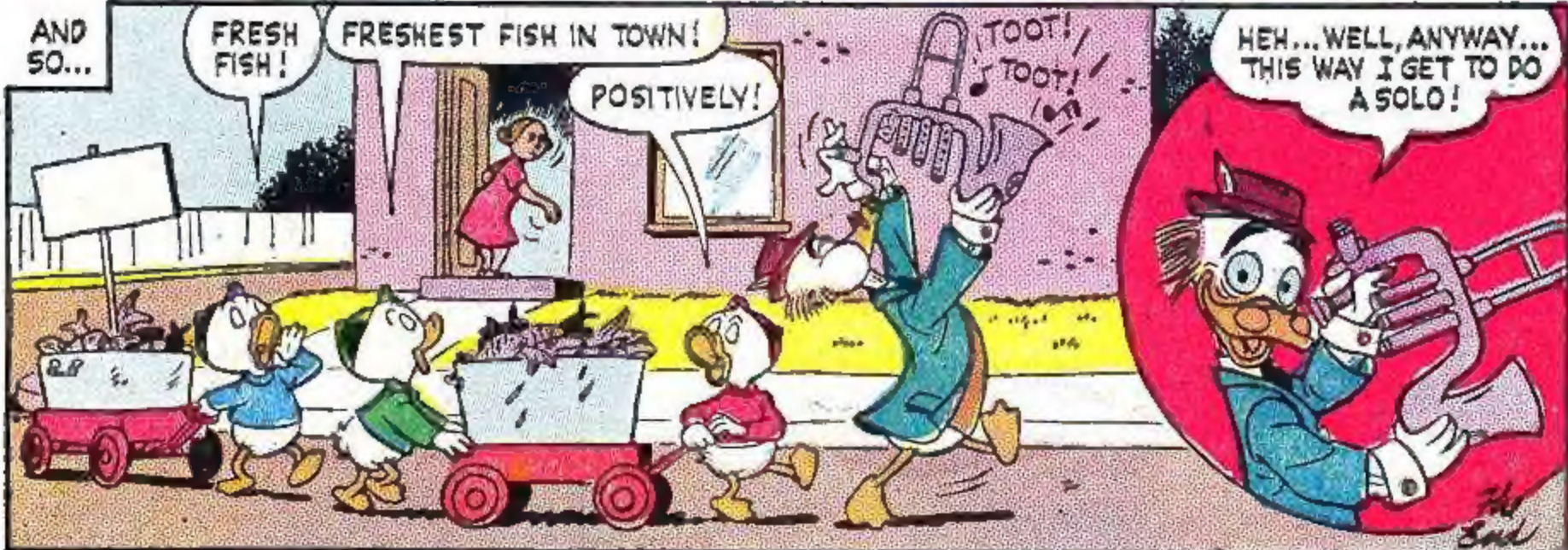
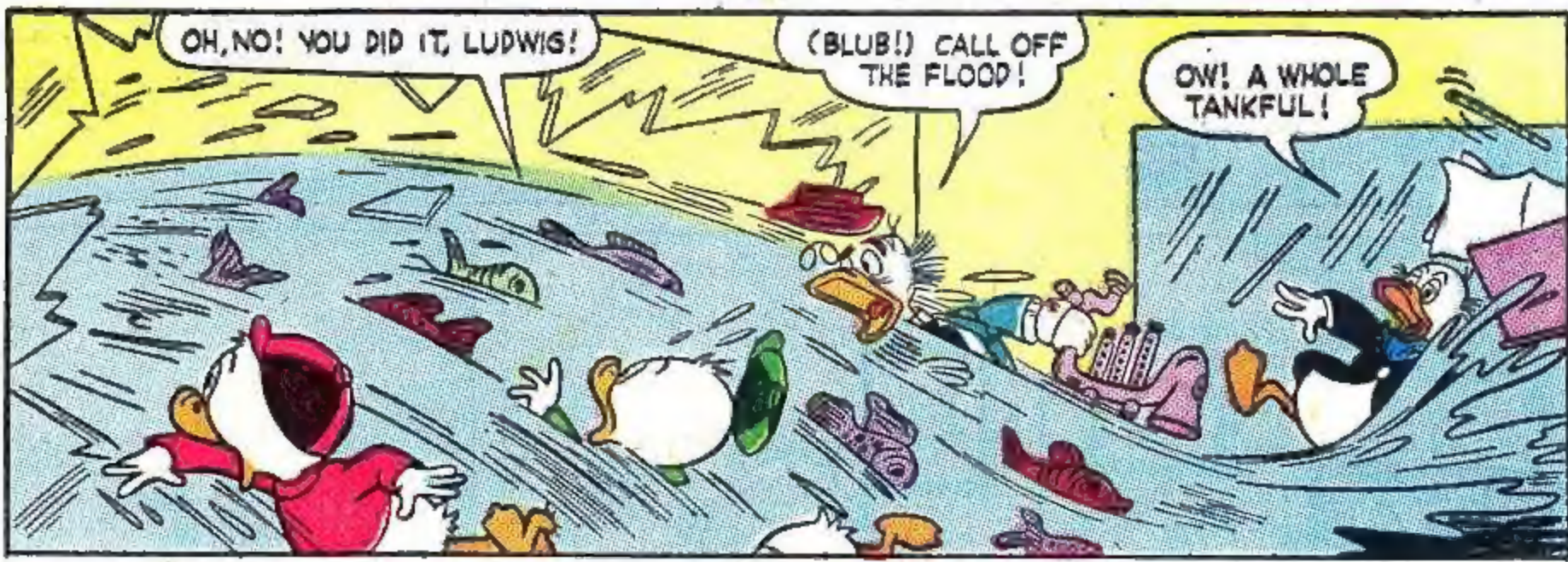
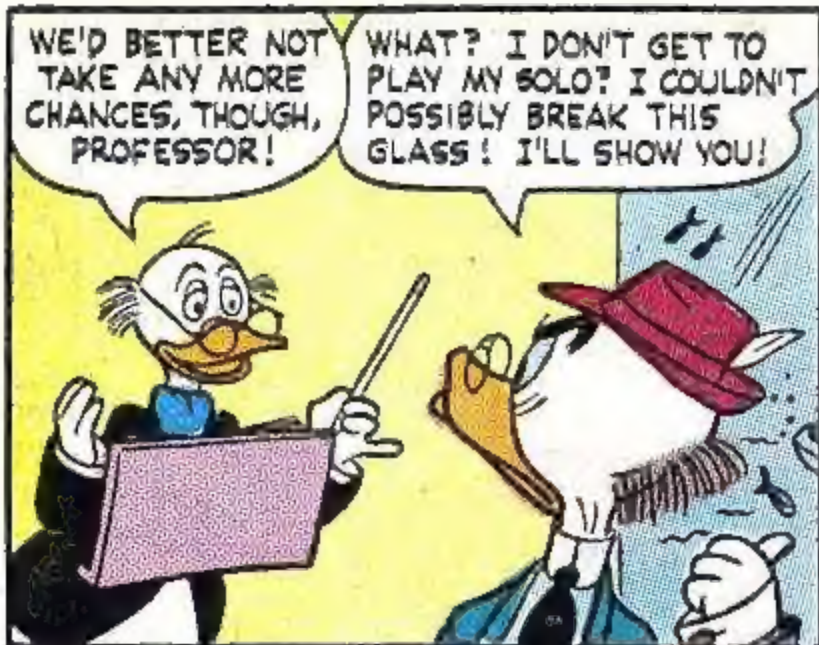


Walt Disney's **LUDWIG VON DRAKE**
THE ULTRASONIC SOLO



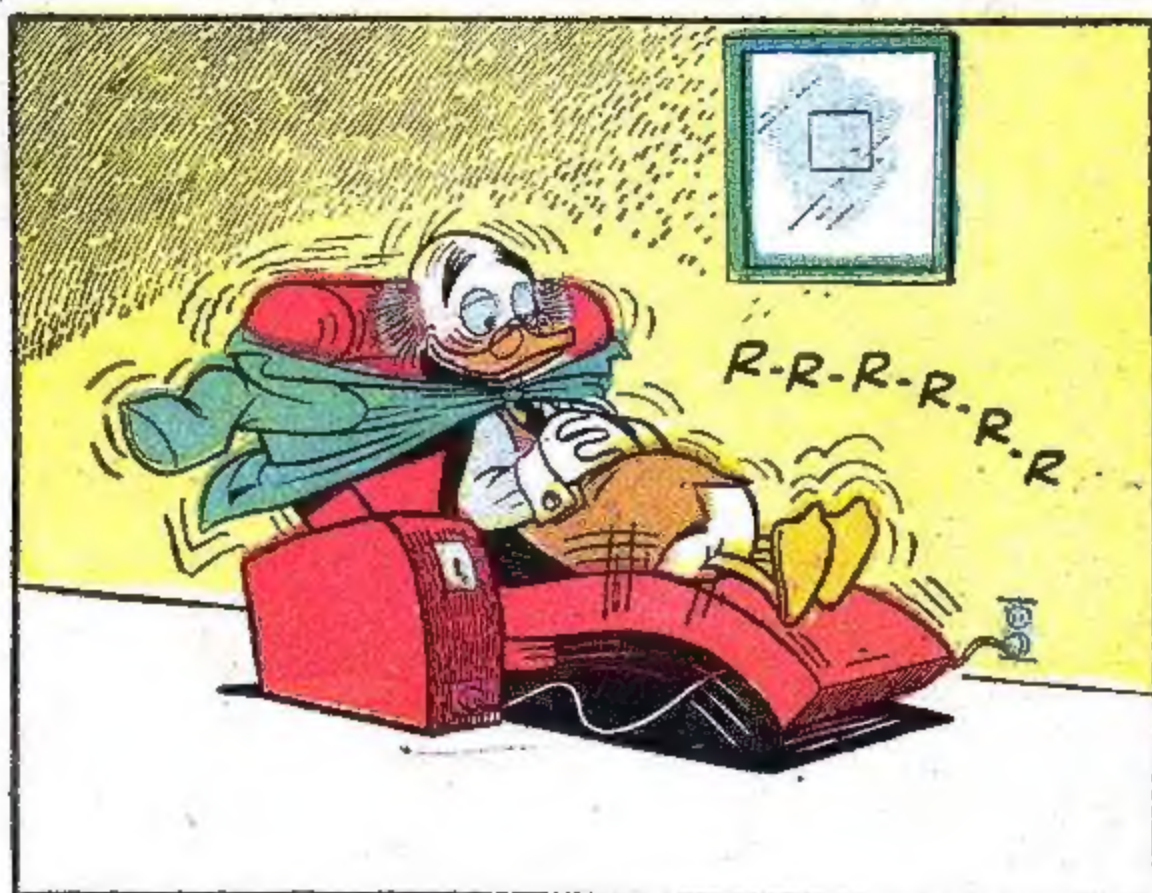
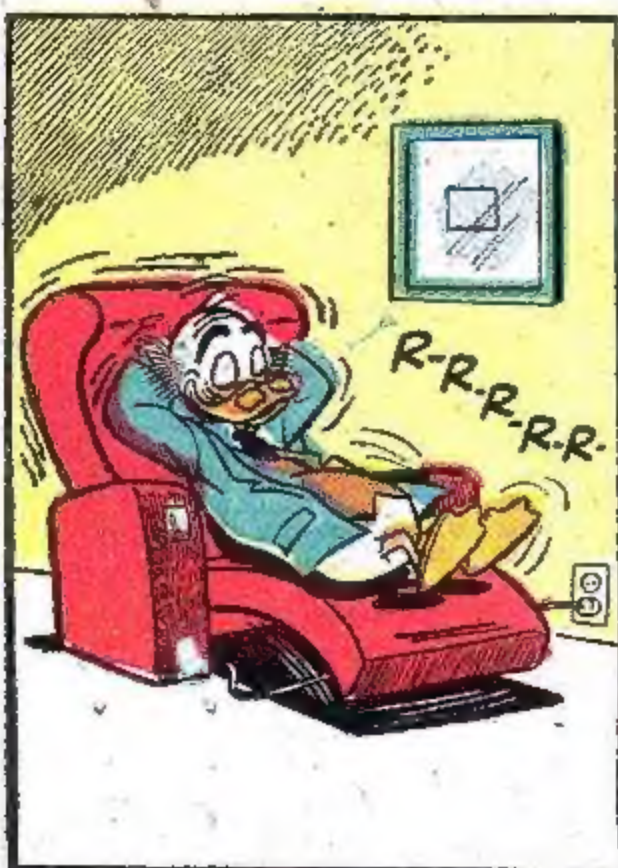
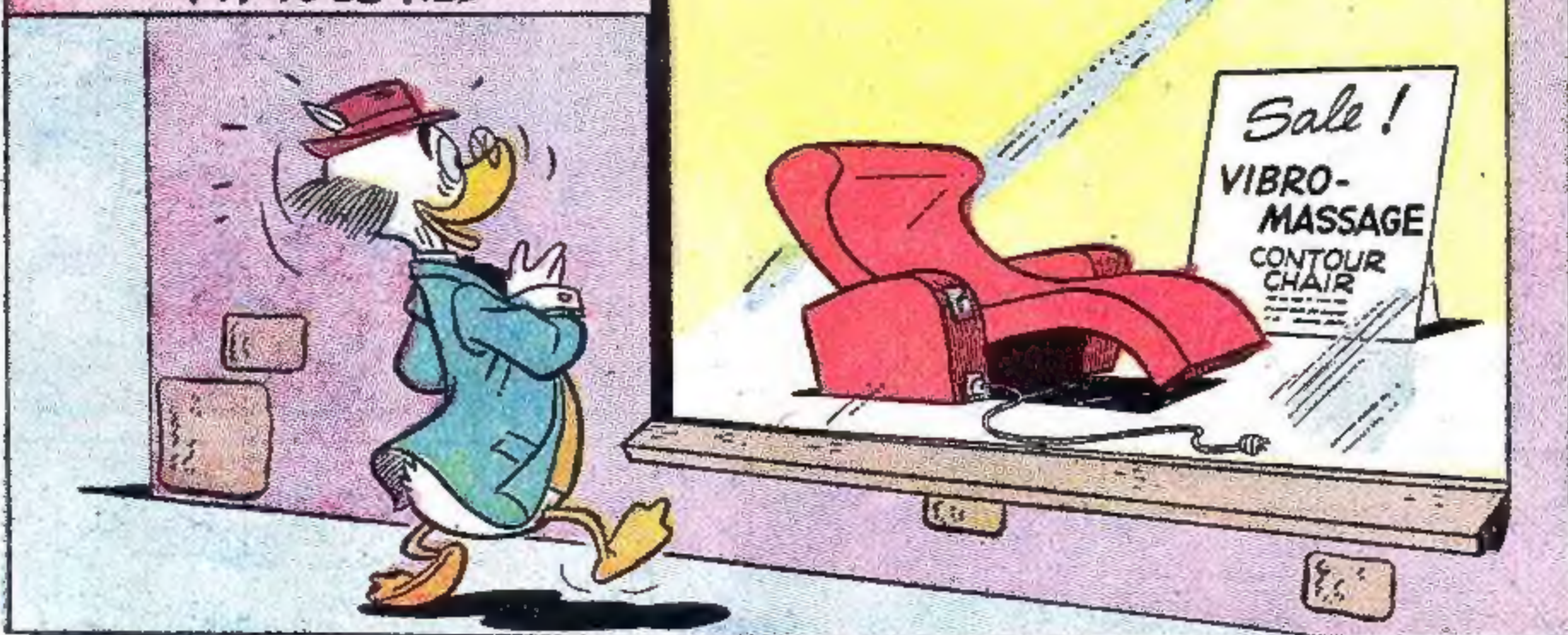






LUDWIG Von DRAKE

FIT TO BE TIED

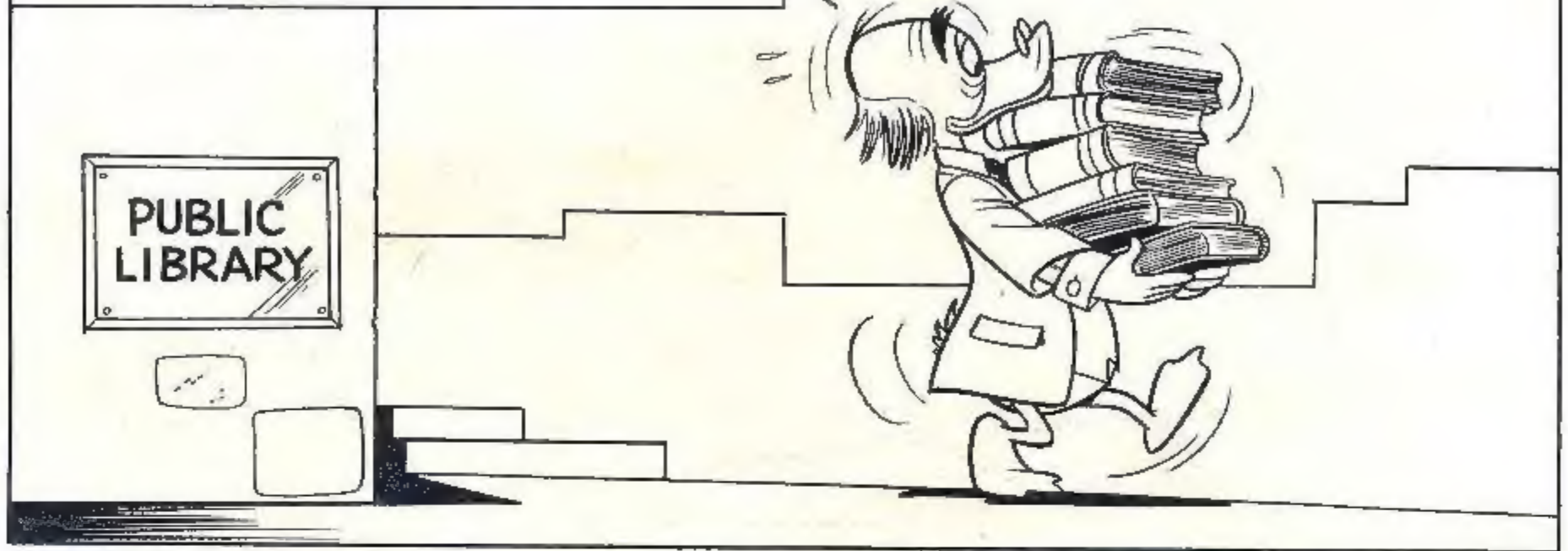


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Ludwig Von Drake

THE BOOK LOOK



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Won the
Golden West**

No. 1894

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